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# JANUARY 1909

## CONTENTS

	Page
COVER DESIGN (From a Photograph) . . . . .	<i>Edward Cave.</i>
HUNTING THE GRAY WOLF . . . . .	<i>Brig.-Gen. Roger D. Williams.</i> 3
RECREATION'S POINT OF VIEW (Editorial) . . . . .	8
SKI-RIDING IN AMERICA . . . . .	<i>Frank Lynam.</i> 9
CANOEING AROUND THE CALENDAR . . . . .	<i>F. M. Foulser.</i> 12
THE RECREATION HOUSEBOAT . . . . .	<i>Robert O'Connor.</i> 16
ON THE TRAIL OF THE SNOWSHOE RABBIT . . . . .	<i>Warwick S. Carpenter.</i> 19
THE REVIVAL IN ROWING AT PRINCETON . . . . .	<i>W. S. Quigley.</i> 22
THE DAY OF THE ANTELOPE . . . . .	<i>T. S. Van Dyke.</i> 26
A TASTE OF OLD-FASHIONED WILDFOWL SHOOTING . . . . .	<i>John Kerr and W. M. Newsom.</i> 29
A WINTER HOLIDAY IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS . . . . .	<i>Carlyle Ellis.</i> 32
A VACATION ON SNOWSHOES . . . . .	<i>J. N. Trainer.</i> 34
USEFUL HINTS FOR OUTDOOR PEOPLE . . . . .	35

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HEADING HIM OFF.

(See "On the Trail of the Snowshoe Rabbit," page 19.)



# RECREATION

VOLUME XXIX

JANUARY, 1909

NUMBER 1



"... he has no friend among men or beasts."

## Hunting the Gray Wolf.

THAT the enjoyment of sport undoubtedly increases in proportion the amount of danger incurred in its pursuit, is doubtless responsible for the fascination that coursing wolves with hounds has always held for me. A number of years spent in the wilderness of the Rocky mountains a quarter of a century ago, when wolves were more than plentiful, bold and fierce, afforded me ample opportunity to indulge my tastes for this sport, and at the same time to make a study of the habits of this grim destroyer. The greatest objection to this sport is its being so distressing to horse and hound. Aside from the long-continued exertion attending the capture of one, the death finish must not be overlooked, mutilation always, and frequently the destruction of hound resulting.

No other country offers such excellent opportunities for indulgence in this most thrilling and exciting sport, yet as such it seems to be almost entirely neglected. This is doubtless due to the fact that the successful capture of a wolf with horse and hound can only be effected by horses and hounds trained and conditioned for this especial purpose, and hunted by those having a thorough practical knowledge of the characteristics of the quarry and country hunted.

Russia seems to be the only country where it is considered a legitimate sport, occupying as it does a warm spot in the hearts of her sportsmen, but the prosaic matter-of-fact way in which they carry out the sport with their large retinue of beaters, huntsmen and attendants would rob it of its attraction for the average American sportsman, who does not regard the actual killing of an animal as sport.

By BRIG.-GEN. ROGER D. WILLIAMS.

Photos by A. E. Weller.

are but two distinct varieties—the timber wolf and the prairie coyote. They infest the hot tropical sections of Arizona, burnt by the scorching beams of the sun, and the cold regions of the Northwest, frozen during the long winter months. The great variation in their coloring and size is doubtless responsible for the belief in several varieties. These physical differences are inexplicable. Thus in Florida and southern countries we find them black, in Texas and Arizona a reddish, rusty brown, while throughout the greater part of the Rocky mountains they are a dark gray, almost black along the spine, with dusky patches on shoulders, interspersed

and mingled with a tinting of dark tan. The cubs when young are a dirty brown, and have abnormally large heads. As they grow older the gray predominates, and at five and six years of age they become white about the face, jaws and throat. The average American wolf will weigh about 95 to 100 pounds. My experience is, the wolves of Montana, Idaho and Wyoming are not only larger, but fiercer, stronger and more savage than their brothers farther south. Here they attain a height of 32 inches and weigh as high as 135 pounds. In Colorado and Utah, a wolf standing 30 inches and weighing 115 pounds is considered a large one, while in Texas, Mexico and Florida they fall off to 24 and 26 inches and weigh from 90 to 100 pounds. However, the largest wolf I ever killed was in Arizona, but he was undoubtedly an exceptionally large one for that section. Judging from specimens of Russian and European wolves,



Like most cowardly animals he is crafty and cunning to a degree. }



I have seen in the zoölogical gardens of Europe, the American wolf, while not so tall or leggy as the Russian, is built upon closer, more compact lines, with heavier head, coarser muzzle, and those from the northern sections, heavier in weight. After having hunted them with imported hounds that had demonstrated their ability to master the Russian wolves, I came to the conclusion that the American wolf, in a finish fight for life, was a more formidable foe than his European congener.

When a wolf that is sorely pressed, in evident distress, realizes that he cannot outfoot his opponents longer, he determines to make a stand and fight for his life. Then his whole appearance and demeanor change; from the skulking, fleeing, cowardly animal he becomes the personification of strength and defiance. He generally selects a high point for his stand, forcing his enemies to come up to, rather than upon him; closely hugging the ground, with tongue protruding from foam-flecked chops, with keen and wary eye, he watches the circling dogs, seeking a vulnerable spot, and no matter at which point they assail him, they always find a glistening array of snapping teeth. His savage look and shaggy appearance warn the leading lightweight hounds not to go in until the arrival of the staunchest seizers and the hunter. It is astonishing with what skill and quickness a wolf can break the hold of a half-dozen dogs hanging upon him. I have seen them, after they were literally disemboweled, and soaked with their own life's blood, get and retain a death's grasp on the throat of a dog, that required the strength of two men to release.

Alive the wolf leaves waste and desolation in his path; he has no friend among men or beasts, and when dead he is worthless; his pelt and carcass have but little commercial value, and even dogs cannot, through hunger, be induced to eat his flesh. His generally odious aspect is well known; his voice is hoarse, breath



His great vitality and his immense strength make him a most formidable foe for six or eight times his number of dogs.

excessively offensive, and the stench arising from his body is as repulsive as he is disgusting in habit; his disposition is ferocious and savage. His eyes have a disagreeable expression and a peculiar obliquity of the pupil not found in the dog. In disposition he combines mingled ferocity and cowardice, and like most cowardly animals is crafty and cunning to a degree. His irascible, sulky disposition is as conspicuous by its presence as is the absence of pride, dignity and self-respect, usually found in his cousin, the dog. While an abject coward by nature when alone, in bands and when brought to bay with no chance to run they become a most formidable foe, fighting with frantic fierceness and determination, sustaining the severest physical suffering without utterance of a sound.

The hunter and hounds that essay to kill a wolf in fair chase had better be prepared for a warm reception, for while lacking in courage to his great size and power, he frequently fights with great obstinacy and intrepidity. He has teeth and jaws of extraordinary strength and certainly knows how to use them to the best advantage. A wolf does not bury its fangs in the flesh, like a dog, or the cat tribe, though quite as deadly in its effects, but by a rapid succession of sharp snaps causes its long needle-pointed ivories to meet in the flesh, and great loss of blood results. His bite is exceedingly poisonous, and I have known simple wounds received by hounds to take weeks in healing.

During the day the wolf lies hidden in the dark shades of the mountain or forest den, sleeping and resting until darkness reigns, then takes to the lowland in quest of his quarry. He has an imperious appetite of an intensity unknown to man, and has positive convictions on the subject of vegetarianism which he greatly respects. No animal is swift enough to escape a pack of wolves made ravenous from the pangs of hunger. It may require hours,



"It may require hours, but the slouching, skulking, tireless gallop will eventually wear the quarry down."





As a Vocalist the Timber Wolf Is a Basso.

The wolf likes to pick out a high place to howl, just as he selects a high point for his stand against an enemy.

but the slouching, skulking, tireless gallop will eventually wear the quarry down, and once brought to bay no animal is so strong that it will not finally succumb to the savagely repeated and constant onslaughts made upon it.

When not in sufficient numbers to bring down their prey through brute strength, they employ stratagem, a favorite ruse being for one to attack the head of an animal, distracting the attention from the others, which instantly dash in and either hamstring or tear out its vitals through the flanks. They are also cunning enough to single out the females in their attack, instinctively knowing them to be the weaker, and incapable of continued resistance.

Always mistrustful and suspicious, a wolf thinks everything unusual or strange is but a trap to catch him, and with extreme sagacity will avoid the same. A sheep tied to a fence or a tree would be perfectly safe, while the same wolf would travel a score of miles to kill a sheep loose on the range. They are cannibalistic in their habits, being particularly fond of flesh of their own kind, and will kill coyotes, weak, sick wolves, and especially wounded ones or those covered with blood of other animals.

I consider the wolf, of all animals I have ever hunted or coursed, decidedly the toughest proposition to handle; his great recuperative powers and vitality, in connection with his immense strength, and fortified with a coat of hair and skin of sufficient toughness to give resistance to a hunting blade, make him a most formidable foe for six or eight times his number of dogs.

The most essential quality a wolfhound should possess is courage. Without this the qualities of speed and stamina, also necessary, are useless. Having the former, the two latter may be acquired through proper training and handling. Hounds can be selected at one year of age, and should receive their first lessons in coursing the jack rabbit. If they show an inclination to quit in a gruelling race, they should be dropped at once and other selections made. After being fully entered to jacks and demonstrating their willingness and ability to stay, they should then be tried upon coyotes, and if possible the assistance of old, experienced wolfhounds given them, that they may be taught to go in and take hold of any kind of game. It is of the greatest importance that they do not get too severe punishment in their first few engagements with the coyote, for, however small the latter may be, he knows well how to use his ivorys and can inflict much punishment upon a half dozen hounds before getting his quietus.

When coursing wolves during the training, it is highly necessary that you have a good mount, one that can keep you close enough over all kinds of country, to encourage the hounds with your voice and presence, as their ardor and courage increase in proportion to the amount of encouragement they receive from their trainer. When near the end of a run, and hounds are about to seize, ride hard to be early at the finish.

As long as the hounds are at least holding their own and fighting with dash and ardor, do not interfere, but as soon as it is apparent that they are unable to stretch him, and that the wolf will either escape or cripple the hounds, do not hesitate to assist them. Do not get excited, retain your presence of mind or you will injure the hounds, as it is not an easy matter to single out one from a seething, snarling, ever-changing mass of fighting animals. Watch and wait your opportunity, then with a well-directed, quick blow between the shoulders or along the spine with a heavy hunting knife you can soon end the struggle by placing the wolf at the mercy of the dogs. While it may be cruel to prolong its misery, young hounds should be allowed to worry, as long as there is any sign of life, which at the most will be but a few minutes after the disablement of the wolf.

The Russians prefer capturing the wolf alive, and their hounds are trained, when they seize, to stretch or hold the wolf upon the ground, while the attendants tape or tie their muzzles—thus making them captive. It requires immense powers of strength, endurance and hardihood to stop and hold, much less stretch, a wolf. I never attempted capturing a wolf alive but once, and though successful, have never hankered for a repetition, as it required the combined efforts of five men in addition to the pack of hounds to accomplish it.

In hunting wolves, one should always be provided with a spool of surgeon's silk, a couple of surgeon's needles and a compress. It is simply a matter of time when you will be called upon to use them. I became an adept in sewing up wounds, and a seizer I had, which, from the innumerable scars and sewed-up wounds upon his body, resembled a crazy quilt.

As to the breed of dog best adapted to wolf killing, after trying all of them I have come to the conclusion that the Irish wolfhound is by far the best dog for the purpose, though closely pressed by a dog resulting from crossing the English bloodhound and the American foxhound. Until I succeeded in importing specimens of the pure Irish hounds, I preferred the Scotch deerhound, the grayhound and a cross between the two. I purchased a magnificent pair of Irish wolfhounds in England about ten years ago, and later on several fine specimens from Ireland, and to-day have the only pack in America, and probably the only pack in the world, that have been trained and hunted exclusively on wolves. A very general but erroneous impression prevails that this breed is extinct. While it is a fact that about the year 1860 they were almost extinct, through the efforts of Captain Graham of England, who secured pure specimens from Sir John Power of Kilfane, and Mr. Baker of Ballytobin Castle, who had preserved the purity of the breed, they were restored to their rightful position of king of all dogs.

These magnificent animals resemble the Scotch deerhound in confor-



The Coyote Is the Tenor.

And his song provokes the most profanity.





The Time of Deep Snows and Bitter Cold Has No Terrors for Them.  
Then they hunt harder and kill with greater abandon.



A Kansas Wolf Hunter.  
With a pack of half-breed and full-blood Scotch deerhounds.

mation and coat, though taller, more massive and especially more muscular. In size they run from 30 to 34 inches at the shoulder, and the males weigh from 115 to 135 pounds. They are a wheaten color similar to the Scotch deerhound, and their bearded, bewhiskered faces and wild, daredevil eyes give one a wholesome warning not to attempt familiarity upon short acquaintance. Their heavy, muscular quarters are generally well developed and equal to the task of propelling their massive frames with extreme velocity.

The produce of a cross of the English bloodhound and the American foxhound also makes a first-class wolf dog, and in the past few years I have thus bred three or four hundred hounds that are all giving good accounts of themselves as wolf dogs throughout the West. From the bloodhound they get size, bone, substance and courage, and from the foxhound, speed, ambition, intelligence, hunting and staying qualities. There are many sections where wolves cannot be run by sight as is necessary with the Irish wolfhound. In such case the above cross makes an ideal dog. Summed up, if one wants a pack of dogs that will account for every wolf they go after, have it composed of three Irish wolfhounds and three of the blood and foxhound cross, and my word for it, the pelts will adorn your cabin walls.

While it is generally an accepted fact that the wolves of Russia are stronger and fiercer than those of this country, I am prepared from actual experience to deny this, to the extent of stating that Russian wolfhounds which had won gold medals offered by the Czar, in wolf-killing contests held in Siberia, proved their utter inability to catch, hold and kill our timber wolves. I spent a week in the mountains of Colorado in 1892 hunting those celebrated hounds, including "Zloeem," and though we caught wolves, they



The Real Gray Wolf, the Timber Wolf of the North.  
Always mistrustful and suspicious, a wolf thinks everything unusual or strange is but a trap to catch him.





A Good Average Dog Wolf, Weighing Perhaps About Ninety Pounds.

A sheep tied to a fence or a tree would be perfectly safe from this fellow, but he would travel a score of miles to kill one loose on the range.

were unable to either hold, stretch or kill them. I imported a number of these magnificent hounds myself, but after a thorough test I gave up breeding them. They are suitable for the bench show or to adorn the lawn of a handsome country place, but when it comes to introducing them to the business end of a gaunt American timber wolf they are certainly out of their class.

In a horse, sheep or cattle country the damage a wolf can inflict upon a rancher is almost incredible. They frequently kill and maim indiscriminately, night after night, evidently not to satisfy their hunger, but more to indulge their malignity and for the pure love of killing. In the winter, when a flock of sheep is separated by stormy and bad weather from the herder, or escape from their corral, the wolves take advantage of their unprotected condition, and a single pair of wolves have been known to kill and mangle beyond recovery a hundred head in a single onslaught. They do not confine their depredations to sheep, for cattle and horses also succumb to their murdering propensities.

It is generally supposed that a wolf will eat anything, even putrid meat, but this is a mistaken idea, as I have discovered in trying to poison them. One that will even return to a carcass he himself has killed is a rarity. He will travel a score of miles in search of fresh spoils before he will do so. Whether this is due to daintiness of appetite, or owing to his extreme cunning and caution, I am not prepared to state, but nevertheless it is a fact.

In the early days when great herds of buffalo dotted the trackless plains, wolfers (men who killed wolves for their pelts) made as good a living as the buffalo butchers. As the buffalo disappeared the wolves became less numerous. It was generally sup-



The Finish.

Grayhounds killing a coyote.

posed that the wolfers were responsible for this, but such was not the case. The country becoming more settled, the wolves took to the foothills and mountains, where they held their own until cattle replaced the buffalo, when they again asserted themselves upon the plains. At present a much larger percentage of wolves dies from disease, more especially hydrophobia, than falls victim to man. They frequently entirely disappear from certain sections—and when the ranchers congratulate themselves upon the riddance, reappear in greater numbers without any apparent cause or reason.

The coyote or prairie wolf, as he is sometimes called, is much smaller and weaker than the timber wolf, being generally about the size of a large collie dog. Their coat is grizzled gray, darker, almost black along the spine, the under parts lighter in color, in some a muddy white. The tail is frequently tipped with black, though I have seen several specimens with white tip. The coyote inherits the greed and general "cussedness" (no other word in the English language will so fully express it) of the timber wolf, and combines the cunning of the fox with the speed of the grayhound. These two latter qualities frequently rescue him from troubles his ravenous, never-satiated appetite is always getting him into, a constant whirl of excitement in his efforts to keep his skin intact.

As a coursing animal the coyote is second only to the wolf, and it takes horses and dogs well trained and conditioned to catch him, as he never carries any surplus flesh unless in his stomach, and is ready and willing at all times to run rather than fight for his life. The grayhound, and occasionally the Scotch deerhound, are used, as speed, more than any other quality, is required to successfully cope with him.



"While an abject coward by nature when alone, in bands and when brought to bay with no chance to run they become a most formidable foe."



# RECREATION'S POINT OF VIEW

According to the best authorities, everything that has been of any account in the world, from the filling of lamps to the digging of a cyclone cellar, has been done yesterday.

*Yesterday and Tomorrow.* This is handsomely borne out in the record of our national life; there probably never has been a people so consistently on the job, with so keen a taste for getting things done yesterday. So far we are to be congratulated.

A poet's idea of life differs considerably from that of a captain of industry—it generally centers around a Loaf, a Jug, a Bough and a Thou. Yet the poets propound better philosophy than Old Gorgon Graham and all the other Grahams can ever hope to—because the haymakers of the clan Graham are one and all afflicted with an ingrown point of view. Eighteen hundred and some odd years ago the poet who originated all our best epigrams gave it out that, in his opinion, the wise lived yesterday. And they did, as has been proved several times since.

The wise *lived* yesterday. Did you? Or have you been planning to attend to it to-morrow?

The average American lives in the future—celebrates All Fool's Day on January 1, so to speak. What little contentment he has is borrowed, on the strength of something he hopes to have or do to-morrow. The sad part of it is, the coming of to-morrow remains uncertain as always, and worn from the excessive effort which delivered the goods yesterday, the man who waits for it is too fatigued to enjoy the day when it at last arrives—either that or his distorted ambition has unfitted him to appreciate what he has waited for once it is acquired.

Many people spend their winter holidays indoors, planning and preparing for a summer vacation. Anglers not infrequently stay indoors on New Year's Day, or on Washington's or Lincoln's Birthday, and tie flies, rewind and varnish rods. Canoeists are to be found in their clubhouses, painting, sandpapering, scraping, whittling, sawing, planing—*working*, to have their equipment ready for the opening of the season. The photographer spends these days making prints from old negatives, or rigging up an enlarging outfit; perhaps he goes down to the camera club and spends the daylight hours in the dark-room. The tennis player plays squash in an indoor court, the athlete participates in indoor games, and the sportsman who hunts birds puts in his time yard-breaking a puppy—only he does it in the basement or in the loft of the barn. The motorist, the golfer (where golfing is practicable), the horseman and the pedestrian are to be depended upon at all seasons. But, in the aggregate, few persons who are addicted to some particular form of summer recreation know how to behave themselves on their days off in winter. Any one might justify the opinion that here at least our age of specialism is a failure.

A hobby which is operative only when the wind is sou', sou'-west and the sprinkling cart is abroad in the land, is well and good so long as those conditions prevail. But during the close season for that particular hobby it should be locked up in cold storage, where the moths won't get at it. A left-over July hobby is mighty poor collateral upon which to borrow contentment in January.

It is said the professional optimist is the most effective of pessimist breeders. No doubt this is true. Professionalism puts everything on the bum; ask

*As to Canned Optimism.* Only what is done for the pure love of doing it ever amounts to anything.

Canned optimism, put up in summer and stored away along with the preserves and the coal for winter consumption, contains one part optimism, nine parts pessimism, and one-tenth of one per cent. benzoate of soda; it is not guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs Act. It is most used by persons who have manacled themselves to some summer-blooming hobby, to be used as a substitute for the fresh article, which they cannot get out of doors to obtain in winter—on account of the hobby.

The purpose of this is not to reiterate our remarks on borrowed contentment, but to call attention to the effect canned optimism has upon the system. It has been found to be directly responsible for coughs, colds, quinsy, tonsillitis, pneumonia, tuberculosis, neurasthenia,



ingrown grouch and the willies. Persons addicted to its use become pale, listless, bilious, irascible, susceptible to sickness, and in extreme cases have been known to curl up in a dark corner and suck their paws after the manner of a hibernating bear or woodchuck.

The canned optimism fiend is not a type; you cannot pick him out in a crowd as you can a commuter or a plain-clothes man. And you need not assume croquet is his hobby. He is simply a man of one idea, a specialist; entitled to credit for the enthusiasm he showers upon his particular hobby, and more to be pitied than blamed, for it is harder to get out of a deep rut than a shallow one.

Specialism in sports and recreations is carried too far in this country. It has helped us to break world's records, placed us in the lead in almost every branch of sport, but it has lowered our standard of sportsmanship. *Specialism Gone to Seed.* Once in a decade it is responsible

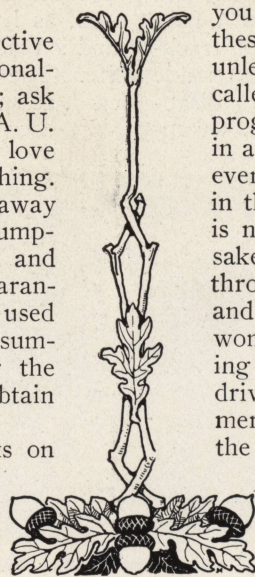
for a craze, as the roller skating craze and the bicycle craze. These crazes, better than anything else, epitomize our lack of a sense of values; unfortunately, they invariably leave behind them the ruins of what, kept within bounds, would have been a very beneficial recreation. And what a miserable, untoward thing is a craze-wrecked sport!

The man who spends his time looking at snow crystals through a microscope never really sees the snow. The glory of a perfect winter's day is lost upon him. Fancy Thoreau specializing on botany! Picture Joaquin Miller wrapped up in golf! To have some interest apart from the work-a-day world is good, but any pronounced tendency toward specialism of recreation is a reflection of one-sidedness of view, and should be held in check, lest it become a cocoon, as it were, in which the maker is hermetically sealed, to smother in his fancy. It were better to be fickle and dabble in all the sports than to become a slave to one.

Like everything else, this is a matter which adjusts itself in time. And it may safely be said that specialism gone to seed in sports has really gone to seed, turned the top of the wheel, in this country. Our concern is not for the future of sport; for America is slowly but surely awakening to the meaning of sport for sport's sake. Our purpose is to encourage what we recognize as a positive movement toward a broadening out, a distribution of interest in all healthful outdoor sports. There is a slowly growing popular trend toward what is best described by the more comprehensive word, recreation. We might almost be said to be going backward—and we could go backward with profit, as many of our older readers will agree. But the movement is onward, and although we may none of us live to see the President throw a silver dollar across the Potomac, we have lived to see specialism in sports in America go to seed.

In every community there is a growing class of young people who have a healthy penchant for getting out of doors at every opportunity; and there is a fair sprinkling of older folk who exhibit similar manifestations of sanity. They do not occupy their time on Christmas with plans for celebrating New Year's Day. Look them up on New Year's and you will find every one of them *lived* on Christmas. None of these people is a hobbyist in the strict sense of the term—unless unflinching enthusiasm for the out-of-doors can be called a hobby. They have a game for every season, a new program for every holiday. Very few are star performers in any particular sport, because they do not specialize; almost every one can give a creditable all 'round performance, and in the end perhaps put the specialist to shame. But to excel is not their one ambition; they are in the game for sport's sake. They are the men who have not forgotten how to throw a snowball, who can teach the boys how to fly kites, and "strap" them once in a while at marbles. They are the women who will never grow old. Just now they are all going skating, sleighriding, coasting, snowshoeing, walking, driving, riding—whatever avails; no one is longing for summer, because all can enjoy the winter just as they will enjoy the summer when it comes. And it all comes from two things: a reasonable ambition and a normal viewpoint.

Any sweet-tempered person gregariously inclined can join this contented clan. There are no qualifications to meet. All you have to do is get out and get in line.







The High Jumpers.

The center photograph is of John Evenson making the American record of 131 feet standing.

## Ski-Riding in America.

**N**ORWEGIAN ski-riding, löbing, or ski-jumping, as it is popularly termed in

By FRANK LYNAM.

Photos by J. O. Larson and J. E. Elsom.

almost a sheer run of 325 or more feet, to the take-off, or bump, and failing to see the

America, is a manly and healthful sport, which, in the Northwest at least, has come to stay. To what extent it will become popular in the East depends upon climatic conditions. Other than this, combining, as it does, dexterity, skill, courage, judgment and nerves, it will never die from lack of enthusiastic supporters among Americans.

landing place, the grade of which is so steep that it cannot be seen from above, he often takes a long breath, gathers up his ski and waits for more practice and a try another time; but if fearing, "now or not at all," he straps on his ski, hurries over the edge, sails down the long slope, his heart in his throat, hardly breathing, goes over the bump and landing rolls down the remainder of the hill a tangle of body, arms, legs and ski. A man is rarely able to stand when alighting on his first jump.

All the cities of any size in the Northwest either already have, or by next year will have, if a suitable hill is to be found near them, a ski run for tournaments. While ski-jumping is the ultimate goal of the ambitious young rider, as a means of moving over snow, in some sections, ski are fast taking the place of snowshoes. One can go faster under almost any circumstances, and with down grades, one can almost fly. Boys and girls from the age of five and upward may be seen almost any day in winter, sliding over their small ski "bumps," as they are called, or down steep grades, often falling, but seldom hurt. Beginners usually start with a snowshoe party, learn to slide the ski along level stretches, and as balance and confidence are gained, attempt short down grades. If one finds himself going too fast, the usual way of stopping is to sit down. After becoming more or less adept at plain skiing, perhaps one longs to try a jump. If overconfident and too high a jump is tried the first time, ambition in this direction often wanes.

If the rider develops ability in handling ski, the great ski run of the tournament riders looms temptingly before him. However, when the starting platform is reached, and looking down

in explanation of ski-riding as a sport, I will go into more technical details as to equipment. The ski in this country are usually made of birch, ash, or hickory, as pine or soft wood ski prove very expensive articles; they break easily and may be the cause of serious accidents. Birch makes a very good ski, possibly the best for ladies, as it is lighter than the wood used by the professional rider, namely, hickory. The white ash is used mostly by boys, as it is more durable than birch and less expensive than hickory. The jumping ski should be as long as the height of the man plus the distance he can reach with extended arms overhead, usually  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to  $8\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The ski for distance traveling are usually longer. They weigh from 7 to 8 pounds each, a heavier ski being rather better for jumping. They have one groove, sometimes 3, about 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide extending the entire length of the ski; thus preventing a tendency to slip sideways on hard, smooth snow. The ski has two curves, one in front, simply a turned-up end to allow it to ride over the snow, and the other, a fore and aft curve, the high-



The Jumping Ski.  
Showing its proper length.




A Spectacular Finish.  
Making the turn at the foot of the hill.






The Duluth Hill.

Where the tournaments are held.

to the feet in various ways, some with the single strap across the toes, that comes with ski. Beginners often use this method so that when the speed becomes too great, they can step out; under these circumstances, the loose ski usually keeps going on down the hill, sometimes both of them. The strap is attached to the ski by screws on the sides, or, as many prefer, by passing the strap through a mortise in the ski; the mortise being at that part of the ski at which it will just balance or dip slightly forward. This mortise is usually  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide and  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch deep. Most jumpers, however, have an iron band passing through the mortise, turned up at each end, like a broad  and grasping the sole of the shoe, somewhat as the clamp of a skate grasps, with an opening in the end of the irons for a strap which goes over the toes. This prevents the toe from being pushed too far under the toe strap, and gives a leverage to prevent the ski from converging or diverging suddenly. The shoe should have a firm leather sole, and the toe strap should come across the foot at about the junction of the toes with the foot. If the foot is too far in the strap, and one gets a bad fall, it would give leverage enough to break one's foot at the instep.

The fastening around the heel has many variations. The object is to hold the foot solidly in the toe strap to prevent lateral motion of the ski, and to hold it within half an inch or so of the heel when lifted from the ground; also, when properly adjusted, to allow the foot to bend forward as far as bended toes will permit, to a kneeling position with an extreme strain, thus lessening danger of injury to ankle in case of a bad fall. To get this perfect adjustment naturally evolve our many ingenious devices. A flat piece of rubber belting like an extra shoe sole is sometimes screwed to the ski under the toe, the heel end being left free, and strapped over the instep; also rubber bands attached to a screw eye three or four inches back of the heel, going over the instep, are used. They prevent ski from dropping down behind, and also prevent lateral motion. Wooden bows around the heel, attached to the ski in front of the foot, are used. The simplest rig is, however, the best in the long run, viz., the iron  and a lashing around the back of the heel, perhaps through the same mortise with it, similar to the old-



A Big Drop.

A disconcerting moment for the amateur jumper, but an exhilarating sight for the eager spectators.

est point being under the foot straps. The ski at this part ought to be about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch from the ground, so that when one's weight is resting on it the whole length will have an equal bearing on the snow. They are fastened

fashioned skate lashing. This throng is rawhide, and takes some time to tie and untie. A better device is a strap through the mortise around the heel that one can adjust more or less permanently; then

a strap over the instep to draw these side straps taut, and a small strap under the heel to prevent its riding up on the shoe. One simply unbuckles the instep strap and is practically freed from the ski. Where the foot rests on the ski coarse-ribbed rubber is tacked. One can imagine the importance of a fastening that will give control to a ski 8 feet long and allow such mobility of foot that a man with an initial velocity of 40 odd miles an hour may jump 130 feet or more, and permit a fall without getting serious wrenches of the foot.

Hills for holding tournaments are not easy to find, but by building scaffoldings and assisting nature here and there, it is, as a

rule, possible to find one near most any town. Ishpeming, Mich., and Duluth, Minn., have the two best hills in the country. The Duluth hill is probably the best in America. The hill is divided for convenience into approach, or run, where the rider gets his impetus; the take-off, or jump, where he goes into the air; the landing, where the rider alights after his fly through the air. The Duluth approach is 325 feet long. Part of this distance is a scaffolding to give height and distance, and a platform at the top for the riders to await their turn. The angle of the approach is 33 degrees, a little steeper at the beginning and less at the take-off. Cleats are nailed on at right angles to hold snow, but they hold little, and the first drop is often practically on bare wooden cleats. Farther down the run the angle grows less, until just before the take-off is reached it is almost level. The take-off is 10 feet high on the Duluth hill, and is simply an extension of the run and has a slight slope. If pitched too high, it would have a tendency to turn the rider backward in the air. The landing is about 35 degrees its whole distance, a little steeper than the approach. The steepness of the landing is very necessary, otherwise the shock of landing would be very great. One can see from this that the distance one can jump depends greatly on the ski run or approach. A long, steep approach with a steep landing place gives a longer jump than one with less angle of descent. Very cold weather makes faster riding than a warm day when the snow is sticky, and direction and velocity of the wind have to be considered. Thus the only comparison of the relative



Another View of the Hill.

Giving a good idea of the height of the incline.



Good Form.

One of the tournament jumpers.



A Spill.

Result of a bad landing.





Learning the Game Early.

With boys growing up on ski, America should make some good records.

merits of ski-riders is to compete on the same hill the same day. In order to increase the speed, especially on warm days, the ski is kept well shellacked, and during the contest the running surface is kept well rubbed with paraffine.

In contests the jumpers are rated as to distance and form; as, for instance, when a rider jumps 100 feet and his form is 20, another man jumps 100 feet, form 18, the score would be 100 feet for the best man and 98 for the second man, each point representing one foot; the best man counted perfect. If a man falls 30 feet are deducted, unless he is beyond the 200-foot line, beyond which a fall does not count. There is usually a master of ceremonies, a herald, judges of jumping, and two markers. Each ski-rider has a large number pinned on his sweater.

In the middle of the run is set a flag. The master of ceremonies, or referee, stands at the take-off beside the herald, with a megaphone. The megaphone calls in the direction of the on-lookers the name of the first rider, as for instance, "Olaf Larsen of Duluth." Olaf Larsen shuffles over the edge of the platform, his ski practically falling over with him so abrupt is the angle, but he quickly brings them under him and is off with a rush over the wooden cleats, quite bare of snow. It looks to the bystanders as though he were dropping out of the air. He bends his body into a small ball and gains speed with every yard. Just before he reaches the take-off, there is a slight lifting of the body, and then with a sudden straightening of the body and knees, and an upward swing of the arms, he shoots into space, and the spectators see the vision of a man as if on wings, and hear the swish of his body as it cuts the air. He covers 70-80-90-100 feet, the jump being reckoned from where the foot strikes the ground, and as he alights, one foot slightly in advance of the other, with hardly a perceptible movement of his body, he shoots down the rest of the course, up the other incline, dodging the over-eager spectators, and whirling half around with the ease of a skater, comes to a stop; a great yell goes up from the crowd, for yell you must. To the onlooker, it surely is an exhilarating sight. Sometimes a man will, after a jump of a hundred feet or more, go falling, sliding and rolling over and over in a cloud of snow in his downward plunge, but so far I have seen only a few minor injuries in a whole season of tournaments—a better record than in football.

Undoubtedly, with the new men coming in, who are held strictly in the amateur class, and with boys growing up on ski, in a few years an entirely new aspect will be given these jumping contests. I have seen many exciting contests, football, boat racing, and many others, but I have never seen a sport more exhilarating, graceful and spectacular than ski-jumping.

As a means of traveling over snow, ski are preferable in some ways to snowshoes; as a sport, they are vastly superior. In the first place, in deep, soft snow, without crust—and woods are more beautiful just after a snowstorm—your snowshoe sinks in deeply, and if it is a bit warm, the snow clings to them, and the effort of lifting the foot so high each step soon tires one; you get no help from snowshoes and it is trudge along step by step. The ski sinks into the snow to be sure, but skiing is a sliding motion, not as tiresome as lifting the foot, and the upturn of the ski in front has a slight patting-down effect on the snow and you do not sink so deeply; also on down grades you often slide, even in deep snow; but if you do not, a down grade permits the ski to slide a few inches with each stride beyond the ordinary step.



Making a Turn.

With practice the rider becomes as expert as a fancy skater.



A Tangle of Arms, Legs and Ski.

Though it looks dangerous, few injuries ever result from ski-riding.

On an up-grade, it is about a stand-off; you can walk up a steep grade easier on snowshoes, but on an extreme grade you can climb better with ski by walking sideways, the sharp edges giving a good foothold. With little snow, where the snowshoe would be a hindrance, the ski will go splendidly; in fact, a good sleighing road affords a splendid place for skiing.

The last time I was out on ski a party of some eighteen took a four-horse team and drove nine miles out of town to a large stock farm for supper. On our return I started just ahead of the team, and on an up-grade we went along at about the same speed; but at the first down-grade that we came to, I took a lead and for five miles, up and down hill, the team did not catch me. Knowing that there was a level stretch ahead, I waited and slid along, holding on to the body of the sleigh. Several times I let go and could keep up with the horses going at an ordinary trot. Approaching the city there was a general down-grade and some hills, and I had to wait often for the team to catch up with me. I mention this, as I am in no way an expert on ski and was doing only what anyone could do with a little practice.



In Trouble.

A man is rarely able to stand when alighting on his first jump.





A Lake Washington Rendezvous.  
Where canoeing is in vogue all the year round.

## Canoeing Around the Calendar.

**B**ACK East on the banks of the frozen streams your canoes swing from their slings in deserted boat houses, while you sit in front of your clubhouse fires, sipping your Tom and Jerry and swapping yarns. Seems odd, doesn't it, to think of lifting down the "old shell," getting out the blades, walking her down the float and taking a good long cruise on New Year's Day? "He must be writing about Florida or California or Timbuctoo," you are saying to yourself, if you have never spent a winter on Puget sound.

Funny thing about Puget sound—here it is tucked away up in the farthest northwest corner of the United States, and when you look at it on the map it seems so near to that strip of Alaska which hangs down like a blanket over British Columbia that involuntarily you shudder and think of icebergs and polar bears and walruses and those funny, furry, little Esquimaux. Unless you've been to Seattle or had friends there or "wised" yourself in some other way, you have a vague idea based upon the similarity of latitude that its winter climate must be much like that of Montreal. But you are wrong.

If you could take a peep at Lake Washington any of these bright, crisp, sunshiny days that come occasionally even in the midst of the "misty" season (as the true Seattleite terms what a New Englander would characterize "a purty long spell of wet weather") you would immediately want to join any one of the merry parties starting out for their regular Sunday cruise. Or, being of a little more adventurous frame of mind, you might prefer to make one of such a party as I recently saw propelled in their canoe over the gentle swells of Puget sound ahead of a breeze caught in the concavity of a huge black umbrella. Except for a slight chill resembling that of the early eastern fall, one would never realize that old St. Nick had just departed after his annual visit.

For several years the New

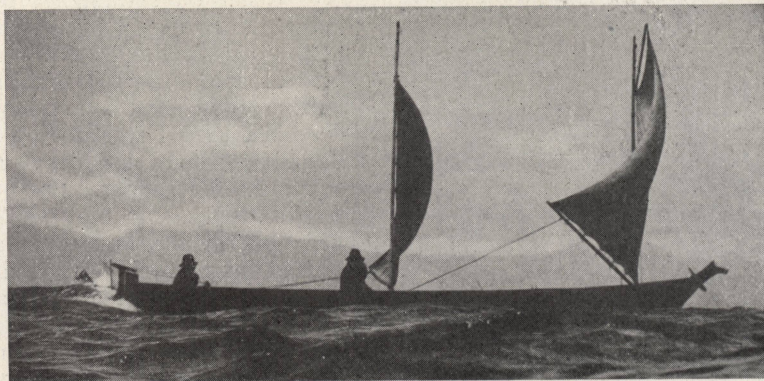
By F. M. FOULSER.

Year's regatta on Lake Washington has been the source of considerable publicity for the city of Seattle. This feature, which was originated by and given under the auspices of the Motor Boat Club of Seattle, was omitted this year on account of the extensive preparations which are being made for the exposition next summer. But that will not prevent a number of devotees of the paddle from getting out for a series of impromptu races, which have hitherto been a feature of the midwinter regatta. Nor will it prevent my friend, Louis Augustin, ex-miner, ex-salesman, ex-trapper, ex-all sorts of things, writer and soldier of fortune, from using his Peterboro as a means of transit on various trips radiating from his island home in the San Juan group.

Winter cruising as a pastime is becoming more and more in vogue on Puget sound. Each year the fleet of boats hauled up on the beach at the close of the regular season is being diminished by recruits to the new sport. "Wet bottoms 365 days out of every year," is the ordinary boast of the Puget sound boat owner. You see, snuggled as it is behind the Cascades on one side and the Olympics on the other, with the warmer waters of the Kuroshio current pouring into the funnel-like Straits of Juan de Fuca, there is practically no such thing as freezing. In fact, a friend of mine who took an inadvertent plunge into the Straits last winter told

me that the temperature of the water was less chilling than he had ordinarily experienced on a summer's day. As early as the middle of March I have seen youngsters paddling round the inlets and bays on the days when sunshine made the air seem milder. On the other hand, in mid-summer the Japan current, chilled by the ice cakes brought down from Wrangel and Seymour Narrows, will make a tumble from a canoe seem like a plunge into a snow bank.

Of course, it is no sinecure—this winter canoeing. There are discomforts more pro-



The Siwash "Horse and Wagon."  
Picturesque reminder of other times.



nounced than in summer, but there are recompenses. Not the least of these is the fact that the most magnificent mountain scenery is revealed only in the rain cleared atmosphere of the winter months. In what amounts practically to landlocked waters one can cruise in and out among the islands or up the rivers and Hood's canal for hundreds of miles. At any time of the year one is certain of finding days when the surface of the water in Hood's canal is like glass, and if a storm should brew it is only a brief paddle to safety.

As for the inland waters, there are any quantity of little lakes and streams where a canoe can be used "all around the calendar." Lake Washington, which is about twenty-five miles long and of an average width of six miles, almost makes the city of Seattle an island. In fact, when the new government canal completes the waterway from the north end of the lake into Puget sound the present city will be entirely surrounded by water. This landlocked harbor furnishes an ideal starting point for all kinds of water junkets. During the summer months the parks which lie along its marge, within a few minutes (by cable) of the heart of the city, swarm with people attracted by the endless variety of amusements offered.

In Seattle city alone, the estimated number of canoes exceeds fifteen hundred. The University of Washington, on whose grounds overlooking the lake will be held the big exposition of 1909, maintains two clubs, one of the faculty, the other made up from the student body. Every park has its quota of private boat-houses and liveries. The area in front of the grandstand at Madison park is crowded as thickly on a concert afternoon or evening as the river Charles at Riverside, Mass., or the Canal at Belle Isle, Mich., on similar occasions.

It is surprising that on so large a body of water as Lake Washington, where storms come up with the abruptness of an April shower—storms that transform the lake into a foam-lashed vixen—there should not be more accidents. I think there was but one last year that ended fatally. Furthermore, it gives one a



Lake Washington Lilies.

certain sense of security to know that a score or more motor-boats with a speed of twenty miles and over cruise about the lake and would soon be to the rescue in case of an upset. In fact, the strongest motor boat organization of the Pacific coast has its headquarters here. From Lake Washington one may cruise up the White river through a beautiful valley lying between towering ranges with hop yards and fertile ranches on either side. This, however, is not a practical trip in the spring of the year, when the freshets from the mountains transform the placidly shallow stream into a raging torrent that overflows its bed and wanders in malicious glee over the countryside. Later in the summer, however, to trace this stream to its source or to leave it for the Duwamish, which empties into Puget sound, affords ample opportunity for a splendid outing. Once in the sound, a thousand possibilities confront one. Over thirteen hundred miles of protected channel wind in and out like marine highways among the myriad islands. Everywhere there is something of interest or beauty to lure. One may visit the famous oyster beds of Olympia and see the "blue points" of the West, or watch the clam diggers wrestle with the "Gooley Duck" (a very large muscular shell fish much esteemed for canning purposes) or witness the salmon run. Then there is the biological station at Friday Harbor with the finest marine laboratory in the United States to well repay a visit. Fish and game of the most varied description abide in and round these "Isles of Wonderful Repute." Some of the towns along the sound hold races each year for the Indians, and at these events may be seen wonderful feats of endurance and skill and many a pretty trick of canoemanship can be picked up by the observing amateur. The reservations with their potlatches and religious dances afford an ever-interesting objective point if one needed any further excuse. For instance, if you think yourself quite a paddler, take your light canvas canoe and see what you can do with one of these clamdigger Indians and his apathetic squaw as they wend their way to market in their wet-bottomed, weather-beaten dugout.

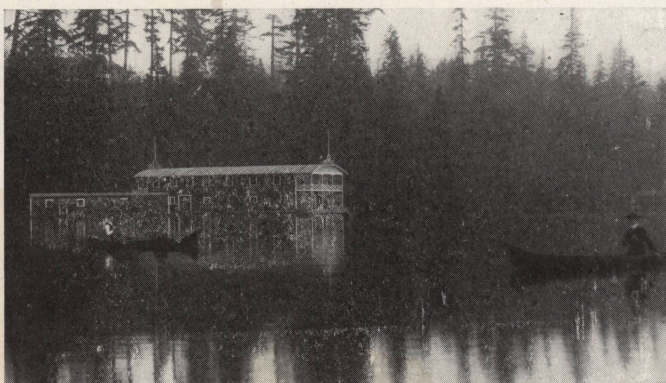


Moving Day for a Siwash Family.  
The Siwash dugout canoe is much in evidence on Puget sound waters



These Siwash canoes, by the way, are very interesting examples of marine construction. You can see the little ones along Seattle's waterfront propelled by their stolid owners, who come from the different reservations on the sound. In the hands of their skilful masters, these oddly shaped craft will land through a surf which would swamp the ordinary canvas-covered canoe before its white occupant could remember that he had a paddle in his hand. Because of their good qualities and graceful appearance, these dugouts are frequently acquired by canoeists, who buy them of the Indian makers for anywhere from twenty to fifty dollars. Although both the Siwash and Alaskan canoes are the natural outgrowth of primitive conditions, and although their method of construction is such as to render their exact reproduction difficult for the amateur and impractical for the professional canoe builder, there are many features about them that would doubtless appeal to that class of boat owners who are always searching for something out of the beaten path. When I recall some of the freaks which I have seen among the fleets of the East, it occurs to me that some of my friends might be interested enough in the lines of the Siwash canoe to reproduce them in a planked model, as the original method of building them from a hollowed-out log is not only very laborious but requires a certain intuitive skill which only the Indian seems to possess. Down among the docks of the city I discovered the tiny shop of a fur-buyer who has traveled thousands of miles in the dugouts and knows Indian customs with the ripe experience of nearly half a century.

"They don't make canoes now as they used to," was his natural opening remark, accompanied by a sad wag of his long beard.



The University of Washington Canoe House.

A lively place summer and winter.

"White men and whiskey have got in their work, and these shells you see floating around to-day are just what you might call slapped together. They ain't fussy in the first place 'bout their logs. A log ought to be taken from a tree that's grown on dry ground or else it's apt to be spongy. That means a long haul and the people ain't fonder of work than they was when I was a blamed-sight younger than I be to-day. Wal, an Indian builder will cut a log to the length he wants and flatten it one one side so she won't roll. He goes to work very keeful-like to shape up one side. He gets that side done before he starts on the other. Then he has somethin' to go by. They use sandpaper now instead of fish-skin to smooth off with. Next comes the hollowing out. There's two ways of doin' this—choppin' and burnin'. Burnin' is better, because it hardens the wood, but it takes longer and needs clusser watchin'. I tell you, the feelin' some of those Indians has for rule-o'-thumb work is fine. Them gun'ls have to be anywhere up'ards of a quarter of an inch thick and they won't vary a hair's breadth all the way round. Many's the time I've come across a Siwash buildin' a canoe in the woods. Sounded like a woodpecker where he was tappin' to get the 'hear' of his cedar. Sometimes they drill little holes in the sides and fill 'em with fish-oil and charcoal—just as deep as they want the sides to be thick. Then they chop away till they strike them tell-tales. But most of 'em feels the thickness between their thumbs. After they has 'em all hollered out, the boats is filled with water, which swells up any cracks. Then oil is rubbed into 'em and they are painted—it used to be home-made paint—and put afloat."

(Continued on page 39.)



Regatta Day at Madison Park, Seattle.

Even on New Year's Day races are held here, and the place compares well with Riverside, Mass., or Belle Isle, Mich.

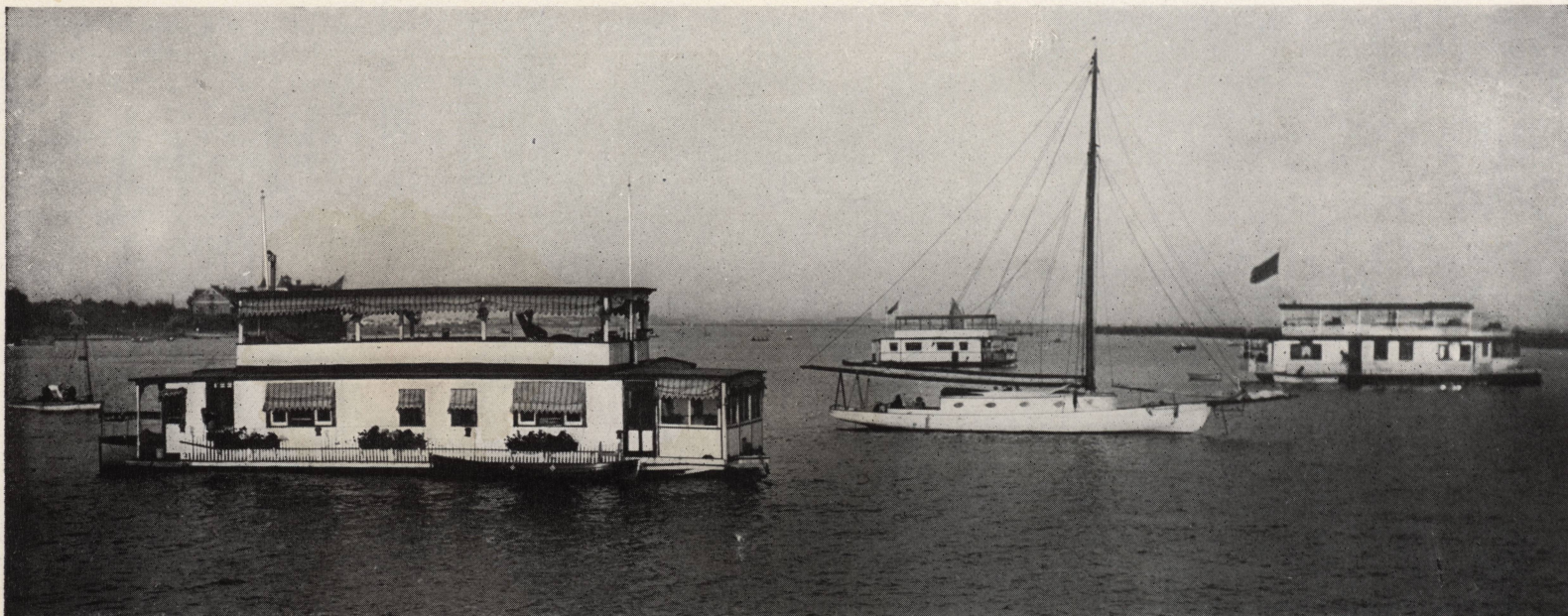




STEADY!

This young lady is just eleven months old, and it is her first point on woodcock. Photo by her owner, Geo. S. Bebee.





A Houseboat Community on Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

Easily within commuting distance from New York City. The boat in the foreground has been made especially attractive by the unique treatment of the decks.

## The Recreation Houseboat.

How to Construct It so as to Secure the Acme of Attractiveness and Convenience.

**I**F you have decided to try houseboating during the coming summer, now is the time to formulate your plans. There are many considerations to be reckoned with in your decision, and a presentation of ways and means will no doubt prove both timely and helpful. Individual temperament, however, will determine whether or no you want to build a houseboat, so I shall omit all argument or persuasion, confining myself to a brief discussion of the best plans to adopt and the best methods to pursue. If any inspiration is found therein so much the better.

First of all, before going to a naval architect, you should decide pretty definitely just what arrangement of the cabin will be necessary and most convenient. This interior arrangement will depend largely, of course, on the number of persons to occupy the boat: whether there must be two or more staterooms, or whether one will suffice. You will want a convenient galley, or kitchen, a bath-room and a living-room. You *may* want in addition a den or a library or a studio. If you have these needs fixed in your mind, the architect, who in some cases is the builder also, will be able to design your boat intelligently. Make sure that the barge portion, or hull, of your "house on the water" is absolutely safe, and will not leak. The seams should be filled with cork. This is an important factor to keep in mind.

A careful study of the drawings and photographs which accompany this article will serve to make you acquainted with the types of houseboats most in vogue on eastern waters, the prevailing styles of interiors and exteriors. You will note that ample leeway for originality of design is offered with respect to the arrangement of the interior, particularly. Outside the boats are bound to look more or less alike, but even here you are not of necessity tied to any one stereotyped form of construction. As in a bungalow, where the adoption of a unique kind of window and style of veranda is what lends distinction to the finished structure, so in a houseboat the decks and windows are a big factor in giving it a pleasing external appearance.

As for interior decoration,

By ROBERT O'CONNOR.

Photos by Jessie T. Beals.

the use of burlap, which has the advantage of being inexpensive, has been found very satisfactory. You can readily see how the selection of this article and cretonne and wood-stains makes possible a different color scheme for each room. A wide range is given in the matter of furnishings, but the ordinary furniture used in your home, with the possible addition of cots, will serve the purpose well. For the decks you will probably want some steamer chairs and perhaps a table or two of odd design. I have known of a case where even a piano was installed in the boat, but this proved quite unsatisfactory, as the piano required too frequent tuning. I do not mean to intimate that a houseboat is damp; on the contrary, those who live on the water the summer through claim to suffer less from damp, chilly weather than those who live on land.

A tank for fresh water is a necessity and should be installed so as to be most convenient for the housekeeper. Denatured alcohol lamps and stoves are coming into general use, but an up-to-date stove burning kerosene is probably the best for cooking purposes.

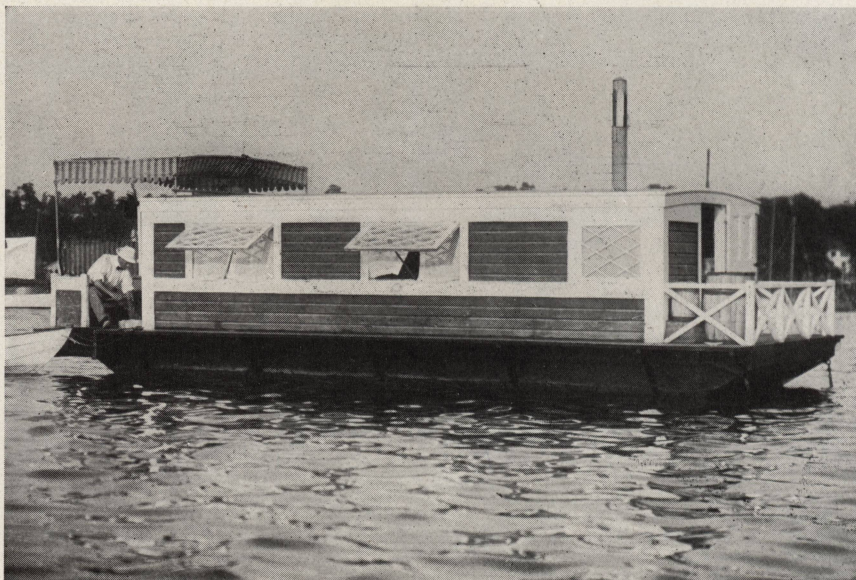
A brief description of the houseboat most thoroughly illustrated herewith, C. D. Mower's "Hostess," may be of practical benefit. She is a trim and tidy little ship, as the dark red sides with white trimmings and diamond-paned windows over the black hull give a very effective color scheme. Besides designing his boat, Mr. Mower did much

of the interior decorating with his own hands. The living-room (see photo at bottom of page 18) is attractively finished in a simple style by staining the beams and wood-work of the walls a dark oak color, and covering the panels and wall spaces with a dark green burlap. This room is saved from being too dark by a white-painted ceiling, in which the deck beams are left exposed and the panels between them outlined by neat mouldings. In two corners of the room some shelves are built in, and these serve a variety of purposes.

Adjoining the living-room is the state-room, which contains a regulation brass bed on one side, and opposite it



A houseboat in which the upper deck is a prominent feature in its design.



An attractive example of the smaller type of houseboat, the "Hostess," owned by C. D. Mower who was also the designer. Plans for this boat are given on page 18.

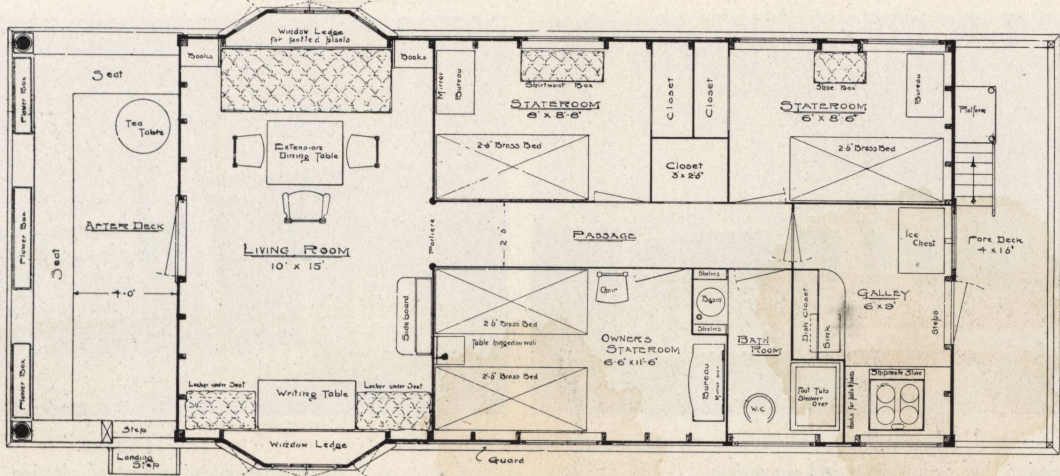


is a large dresser and clothes closet. This room is finished in a similar style, but in lighter colors than the living-room, and a golden brown burlap is used in place of the dark green. Opening from the state-room is the lavatory and also a compact little galley, or kitchenette, as it has been dubbed. In the latter, the dishes are neatly arranged on shelves, and the pots and kettles and other things

necessary for good housekeeping are hung on hooks within easy reach. The space under the forward deck affords room for an ice-box and for stowing canned goods and supplies. A door opens out on the forward deck, and when this is opened the breezes sweep through the entire boat, so that it is always cool and well ventilated.

Once in a while one sees a houseboat of rather plain outside design which on the inside is a marvel of convenience. The writer spent some time on such a boat on Long Island Sound last summer. The center room was the living-room, which contained a good-sized dining table, a side-board, a writing desk and a lounge. Entrance to this room was made from the starboard side and also by way of the galley. Two comfortable state-rooms adjoined it forward, and aft there was, besides the galley, a passageway leading to the bath-room and a small state-room. The kitchen, except for a denatured alcohol stove instead of a range, was as handy as that of a city apartment—not forgetting running water. On the after deck, from which one entered the kitchen, were some chairs, a table and a miniature flower garden. This boat cost about \$500.

The "Loiterer," photograph and plans of which are given here, is a boat which is well



Layout of the "Loiterer."

Plans which show a houseboat can be made as convenient as a city apartment.

worth study. It is a commodious home, even more convenient than the average city flat. You will note there are three state-rooms, bath-room, galley and living-room, of which last the ledges are an attractive feature. All of the rooms are distinctly separate, yet each is easily accessible. You will note also the three closets and the ice-chest indicated. The arrangement of the after deck is another

commendable feature. Taken as a whole, the "Loiterer" comes nearer to being the ideal RECREATION houseboat than any other I have seen. Simplicity marks its construction throughout.

For inland waterways, houseboats are built more with the purpose in view of making cruises. This is accomplished in two ways—by putting power in the houseboat itself or securing a motor-boat to tow it. Building a houseboat with provision for self-propulsion makes it a rather expensive affair, so that a motor-boat may be said to be the better choice. And as houseboating is in greatest favor among those who are compelled to live within commuting distance from the large cities, the boats they find best suited to their needs deserve the larger share of attention here. It is worth noting, too, that the types of boats shown in these pages are fast replacing everywhere the bulky, unattractive models of a few years ago.

The sailing houseboat, a photo of which appears on this page, is somewhat of a novelty. It is of sharpie model, thirty-eight feet in length, eleven feet beam and twelve inches draught. It is also well adapted to having an auxiliary motor. The owner of this boat designed it according to his own ideas of getting the most out of houseboating, and he



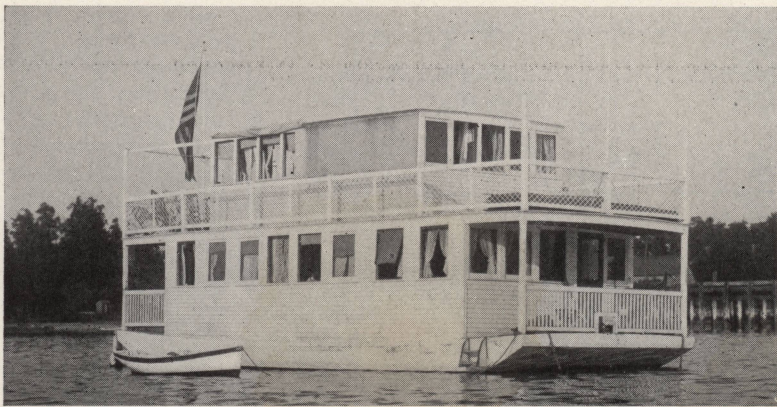
A sailing houseboat, 38 feet in length, 11 feet beam, which is also well adapted to having an auxiliary motor



The "Loiterer," an Ideal Recreation "House on the Water."

It has three state-rooms, bath-room, galley and living-room. All of the rooms are distinctly separate, yet each is easily accessible.





"Mascot."

Of plain design, but commodious and convenient



"Yankee."

A small, inexpensive boat of pleasing appearance.

is well satisfied, in fact, he is very enthusiastic over the result.

A houseboat of substantial build and attractive appearance on which a family of three or four, or even more, can live in comfort, should cost you complete not over \$600. It may cost you much less, depending largely upon the price of materials and labor in your town. For the person of moderate means an expenditure of more than \$600 or \$700 would not be advisable, for reasons that are self-evident. But if you have much to spend you can secure a veritable floating palace, so great has been the progress in the art of designing and building recreation craft.

Because of its excellent transportation facilities and its many outlying sheltered bays and inlets, the vicinity of New York City offers almost ideal conditions for spending the summer on the water. At City Island, New Rochelle, Manhasset Bay, Port Washington and other points on Long Island Sound there are regular houseboat communities, so to speak. These places for anchorage are far enough removed from the city to be attractive to recreationists, while at the same time the "man of the house" can go back and forth to work every day. At City Island supplies are delivered by boat by the groceryman, so that no inconvenience is suffered in this respect. Water and ice are delivered in the same way.

No matter where you may anchor your houseboat a small launch is an adjunct very much to be desired. It is not only a quick mode of transportation, but it makes possible many little pleasure trips which otherwise would be out of the question. A family launch that comfortably seats eight to ten passengers can be bought for the modest sum of \$145. A three horse-power two-cycle reversible engine and three-blade bronze propeller drive it at the rate of nine to ten miles an hour. The steel hull has many merits. It is very light, stiff and practically indestructible in ordinary use. The seams are riveted and crimped in a way to render them proof against leakage, and the galvanized metal is treated to coats of pegamoid

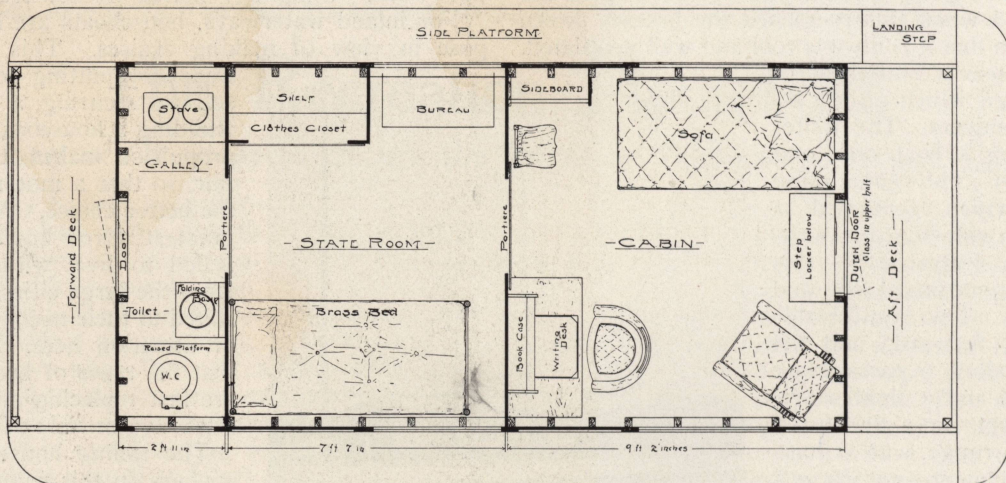
paint that makes it almost rust-proof. As the metal cannot absorb water, the boat never loses its buoyancy. If you have \$200 to spend on the launch you can secure a rather pretentious make. Regular outfits to be installed in hulls for converting them into permanent motor-boats, or to be fitted to home-made power-boat

hulls, can be bought from different makers for about \$50. Anyone who can furnish his own propeller, shaft, ignition system and carbureter will find that he can buy the bare motors for from \$20 to \$30. If you are a real water enthusiast you will want a canoe too.

All in all, houseboating is a very inexpensive recreation. The initial cost of the boat is the largest item, though that is really not large. Repairs do not cut a very large figure. There is no rent to pay and

provisions cost less than in town. Your house is always cool and comfortable. In short, it is as healthful a life as can be found anywhere—at the price.

[Further information concerning houseboats may be had by addressing RECREATION'S Information Bureau.]



Layout of the "Hostess."

An inexpensive boat, which has proved very satisfactory to the owner.



Interior view of the "Hostess." The wood-work of the living-room is stained a dark oak color, and the panels and wall spaces are covered with dark green burlap. The ceiling is painted white. Each of the other rooms has a distinct color scheme.



# On the Trail of the Snowshoe Rabbit.

THE lakes and streams are frost-bound, and over the old, familiar trails lies a four-foot mantle of the beautiful.

By WARWICK S. CARPENTER.

Photos by the Author.

The familiar landmarks of summer are almost obliterated. The favorite trout brook lies fast in the clutches of the ice king, the dark, wide pools gleaming brilliantly white in the sunlight, the waterfalls wonderful works of crystal architecture, and all the woods are a-glisten and a-sparkle in their coat of virgin snow. In this very change, however, lies one of the chief charms of a winter trip to one's summer vacation haunts. It is necessary to look sharply to penetrate the disguises, but under them all are the old friends, and he who knows them only in summer but half knows them.

The trout are sealed fast under the ice, ah me! But above and on every hand, in the North woods, is game as well worth one's while. For as trout in summer are the ostensible objective of most camping parties, so is the northern hare, or snowshoe rabbit, in winter the convenient excuse for leaving home and fireside for the freshness and vigor of the quiet, snow-laden winter woods.

The things needful for the hunt are snowshoes, a shotgun, and one or two good rabbit hounds. It is a wise precaution to carry a compass, as a sudden snowstorm coming on when you are in a swamp may entirely obliterate all evidence of direction. There are many kinds of snowshoes, some perfectly flat, others turned up in front, some long and narrow, some short and broad, and some almost round. Nearly every northern Indian tribe of any consequence has a particular design attributed to it, and all of these have their ardent supporters. For rabbit-hunting, however, you may separate them into two classes—the bear-paw shoes and the others. Between them there is no choice. The others have the long tail which is commonly regarded as one of the prime characteristics of the genus snowshoe, while in the bear-paw shoes, to prove the rule, there is none. The tail has its uses, especially when traveling long distances, its principal functions being to balance the shoe properly and to keep it straight, but in thick cover it is very much of a hindrance. It acts not unlike the keel of a boat, preventing short turns, and besides it knocks and catches against everything. One's mind has to be continually focused about two feet in the rear, when it should be on the game. The bear-paw shoes, on the contrary, have no projecting tail; they are nearly round. They will carry just as much weight as the other patterns, and allow very sharp turns, while you never have to wonder if there is room to get around without fouling every tree in the neighborhood. For use in swamps and dense woods they are the best of any. For straight-ahead work, however, they are not so desirable.

The gun is largely a matter of preference. One taking 16 gauge shells is heavy enough. Two barrels are surer than one, but perhaps we would all be truer marksmen if we had nothing better than a single shot muzzle-loader. At any rate, it would add more zest to the chase. For shooting the northern hare (not the cotton-tail rabbit), I have a preference for number four shot, but frequently use sixes with as good success.

On the matter of dogs I confess to enthusiasm. Nose sharp or dull, easily led astray by scent of fox or deer, or a stanch trailer, strong, ambitious and persistent or quickly discouraged, fast or slow, gun shy or not, voice clear and bell-like or muffled, size, and by no means least, general dog sense, are among tests which I use to offset this enthusiasm, so I will have a dog that is some good. For hunting in the deep snows of the Northeastern states of Michigan, Missouri and Minnesota, foxhounds are better than beagles. Their legs are longer and they can get about better. They must be especially trained for rabbits, however, so that a fox track is as uninteresting to them as that of a squirrel. Being larger, they are faster, and a fast dog with a good nose furnishes much more excitement.

Three dogs make the chase more interesting, if they will hunt together. When they over-run the scent, it is picked up quicker and they are off again, all three together and in full cry. Some dogs, however, work independently, each puzzling out a different set of tracks, which lead out as divergently as the points of the compass. This divides the interest too much, centering it one instant on one scent, which seems to be coming nearer, and then on another.

Good dog sense is an excellent quality and it is this which develops a feeling of comradeship and co-operation between the hunters, biped and quadruped. The fortunate possessors of such dogs well know the sympathy and understanding which can grow up between them. My first was my best. He was more wise in the ways of rabbits, and of men, it almost seems, than all the others combined. His first maneuver in starting game was to jump into the middle of snow-covered brushheaps and fallen tree-tops, and then with his disproportionately large head turning solemnly from side to side, watch to see if anything broke cover. He knew every sort of hiding place, and with nose, eyes, feet and his dog's intelligence (if I must put it that way), systematically covered his territory, beginning with me as a center and working outward. When he found his trail he announced it in no uncertain tone. This is the only dog I have known that would leave the scent at the sound of the gun and go direct to the hunter, and in him it was a very good quality. His look was always expectant, but if I had missed, he would pick up the trail where I pointed



"... all the woods are a-glisten and a-sparkle in their coat of virgin snow."



it out and resume the chase. He seemed to know that a shot indicated at least sight of the rabbit, and he came to be shown either it or the fresh track. All of these things indicated good dog sense, and they make the days we hunted together brighter in the retrospect than many other days with other dogs.

I have often wondered how this dog so quickly took the measure of a certain camp mate one winter, who spent his time in aiming at trees while rabbit after rabbit passed unnoticed under his nose, and at night would neither chop wood, cook, wash dishes—nor clean his borrowed gun. The dog knew, and would not even hunt with him. I think there must have been a taint of cur blood in him which sharpened his wits. His muzzle was a trifle short and his head too broad for a pure bred hound. Not all the dogs are like this, but still it is well to gain their confidence. Then, if you find a track which they have not seen, you can call them, and in other ways work with them. After all, the dogs and the white woods are the most interesting things in the hunt.

In winter white rabbits are found in low, sheltered and well-thicketed places, such as alder and tamarack swamps, and in dense growths of young timber. They will also gather around the workings of the lumbermen and feed on the hardwood tops and the bark of small, broken-down deciduous trees. In big open timber random tracks will be seen, but they are not worth bothering with. A safe rule is to strike for the swamps, and the smaller they are the better. A good rabbit swamp in mid-winter will be



"... the drifted winter hut in the hemlock cover."

crossed and recrossed with beaten runways until it looks like a sheep pasture. Get a general idea of their layout as soon as possible. Oftentimes the rabbit will follow them closely, and it becomes necessary to make a quick decision as to just which one he will come down. Once I stood upon a single runway for hours while the same rabbit passed just barely out of sight time after time without my getting a shot.

The dog should always be kept in leash until the hunting ground is reached. Otherwise, he will strike out on his own account to start something up, and the first stray scent he comes across will take him off almost anywhere. As soon as the swamp is reached, however, turn him loose, and then take up a position which commands a good runway, or several of them. It will not be long before there is something doing, if fortune is with you. Of course, it sometimes happens that nothing will be put out all day, but this is decidedly rare. In exceedingly cold weather, when the thermometer is 20 degrees below zero, everything will be under cover, and if there are any tracks at all the scent will be frozen in them, and hunting will have to be given up. Otherwise, it is only a matter of patience if there are rabbits in the locality.

As soon as the dog puts out something, it is necessary to be all attention. A flash of white against the white snow off in the distance, and just glimpsed between the trees, gives a hint as to direction. Another instant, and he is closer by, and one has to shoot quickly to hit the mark. In the thick cover which the rabbits like best, it is almost impossible to see anything more than a few feet off when standing erect. Accordingly, one has to stoop to get a vista down through the trunks of the alders, tamaracks and scrub spruces, and even then the game will sometimes pass within a few feet without being seen, and the dog following will show a few seconds later where the rabbit went. Sometimes the rabbit will take a course directly away from the hunter, but shortly he will turn, and as he comes back the cry of the hound will indicate the general direction which he is taking. It requires intuition as well as judgment, however, to grasp the situation and to move quickly to the right or left. Back the dog will come in full cry. Suddenly he will become quiet and you will know that he has over-run the scent. If you are near enough to see him, you can watch him work. Back and forth he will go, and if he knows his business he will take the back track for a few yards to pick up the scent anew. Now and then an eager whine will indicate his anxiety and perhaps a whiff of an older scent will bring forth a single bay, but it will be uncertain and easily distinguishable. When he does find it you will know it.



"The dog should always be kept in leash until the hunting ground is reached."



Rabbits have not great vitality, but it sometimes happens that a shot does not kill them. The quickest, easiest and most humane thing to do is to hold them up by the hind legs and with the edge of the hand give a sharp blow behind the ears. It will be immediately effective.

Two or three of these big hares make a good day's bag, and a good load to carry, too. For this reason the hunter who is out for pleasure will do well not to shoot every time he gets the opportunity. He who likes to watch the chase, to give the dog plenty of work, will not consider it a serious loss if an occasional rabbit gets away. Surely the dog is happiest when running a warm trail, and certainly no snowshoe rabbit is ever greatly worried by the pursuit of the average hound. And meanwhile, the hunter is enjoying the music, happy in an occasional glimpse of the dog or the game as they circle round about the swamp, and in a good, full day in the winter woods.

I have heard it said that a man can tire out one of these big rabbits by keeping persistently on its trail for an hour or two, but I have never seen it done. Certainly I should want to have the wind and the speed of an Indian to think of trying it. And what of the maze of rabbit trails, that criss-cross the swamp in every direction—fresh trails made by other rabbits started out by the pursuit? My experience has been that it gives a good hound plenty to do to keep one of the big fellows busy and bring him round again and again. A fox knows better than to hunt in this



"... one has to stoop to get a vista down through the trunks."

way, as anyone may learn by taking up a fresh fox trail that leads into a rabbit swamp. Reynard does not go looking for trails; he makes it his business to sneak upon his rabbit unawares and catch him before he gets well under way. I have often trailed a fox that was hunting, but have never found the evidence of his having caught a rabbit which had a good start. But how a fox can jump when his quarry is right in front of him! I once found where a big fox hustled a snowshoe rabbit out from under a little cedar on a sunny side-hill, and it seemed to me he cleared a good twenty feet every jump in his career down that hill. But the hare got to the swamp in safety and, I believe, made his escape.

There is much pleasure aside from the hunting to be derived from a day with the snowshoe rabbit. One can get into so many strange places and see so many interesting things, compared to what one could accomplish on the same ground in summer, that the day is a continuous round of enjoyment. This rabbit is a true wilderness lover and with a few twists of his erratic trail, he leads you far away from the world. And in the wilderness nothing is impossible or improbable. Always where the hares are plenty there is the chance that you may come upon a bobcat, and then you are sure to go fishing through your pockets in a frenzy of haste for the shells loaded with buckshot that you have been saving for just such an opportunity. Or it may be a fox, or, in some totally unsuspected place, a marten—who knows? Not once in ten times will you be ready; and again, if you were to carry a three-barrel gun, with the rifle barrel always loaded, Fortune would laugh you to scorn and your hunting partner abuse you on every opportunity for carrying a heavy gun.



"A flash of white . . . and one has to shoot quickly to hit the mark."

By and by the shadows creep out of the west, the little hound begins to tire, and the swampland assumes a more somber beauty. If you were to put the lead on the dog and wait until dusk you might have some lively snap shooting, as the ghostly white hares like to come out in the gloaming and limber up for the night. But the swamp becomes a comfortless place for man and dog when the daylight wanes, even a hard place to get out of, if in a strange section. And so, as the good little dog is shivering and holding up a cold paw to let you know he has had enough, you break open the gun and put the loaded shells back in your pocket.

Quickly darkness settles down, and

"A snowshoe track leads up from the swamp and over,  
To the drifted winter hut in the hemlock cover,  
That shields it from the blast."

One of the best treats of the day is still to come. It may be in the form of rabbit stew, with dumplings and vegetables, the vegetables being the dessicated kind if the camp is far back in the woods, or rabbit parboiled and then roasted, with basting of melted butter, or it may be just rabbit fried, after parboiling first. Whichever it is, rabbit is one of the most delicate dishes which the woods afford, when properly prepared. The parts to use are the hind-quarters, the saddles and the fore-quarters. Throw the part intervening between the saddles and the fore-quarters away, as it is somewhat "strong."



"... a sharp blow behind the ears . . . will be immediately effective."





The Old Club House on the Delaware and Raritan Canal.  
From which Princeton rowed twenty-five years ago and which was used for the revival of the sport a year ago.

## The Revival in Rowing at Princeton.

**W**HAT Princeton was in the rowing world twenty years or so ago she is going to be again—and soon, if the assurances of the most ardent admir-

By W. S. QUIGLEY.

gerous even to stalwart life and frail craft, a squad of watermen such as might be expected to represent only a university whose aquatic career was not interrupted by



The First Winning Crew.  
Coach C. S. Titus seated on the right.

ers of the orange and black are to be depended upon. The aquatic devotees of the New Jersey university used to be real giants in the propulsion of racing shells when our fathers were boys, and some of the contests which the Princeton watermen won stand out prominently in the records of those times.

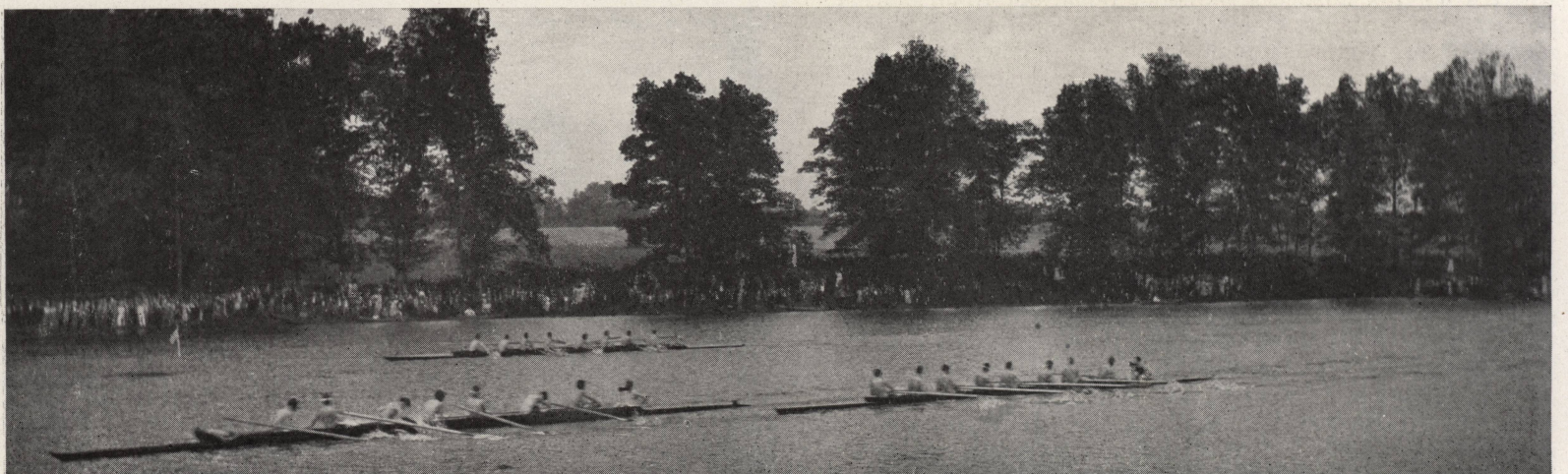
The Tigers have the rowing fever again, this time in a most malignant form, and down around Lake Carnegie, the university's new boat-pulling center, even the town boys have contracted the spirit of predicting that within a year at most Princeton will be disputing the right of rowing championship with the leading university blades of

a Rip Van Winkle sleep, as was the case with Princeton, was to be found ashell and afloat, pounding away with huge sweeps, ripping the water at either side of its craft and correcting its body, arm, leg, slide and blade work to conform with the megaphoned demands of lusty-lunged Constance S. Titus, the coach of Princeton's new rowing forces. The banks echoed with the shrill cries of the coxswains, the hills took up the subdued clang of the sliding seats as they struck the chocks, and between the brazen roar of the hurrying locomotive whistle came the sharp, penetrating commands of Coach Titus. This was of daily occurrence until the inter-class regatta in middle November, and for some days afterward or until skating became more practicable than rowing, when the squad went indoors to the gymnasium to continue the process of manufacturing accomplished oarsmen.

With the holidays gone by and preparations for spring races well advanced, the rowing authorities of Yale, Cornell, Harvard, Columbia, Syracuse, University of Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and Georgetown, who are interested in the two leading annual regattas of America—those of New London and Poughkeepsie—are speculating in no small measure to anticipate which side of the fence the Princeton rowing aggregation will land on. If popular wish were to dominate, the water Tigers would cast their lot with the Intercollegiate Regatta Association, the ruling body which is responsible for the annual championships on the Hudson river course. A victory at Poughkeepsie, it is claimed, would mean more to Princeton's

America. Which condition is remarkable in that the New Jersey seat of learning did not have a full-fledged oarsman to its name three years ago.

Every afternoon last fall until the ice and air made outdoor practice dan-



Finish of the 1908 Inter-class Eight-oared Race.  
Won by the Freshman crew.



rowing prestige than anything she could do for years at New London, where every June Yale and Harvard have their dual carnival of sport. The Poughkeepsie course is described as the People's River, and the regatta there, also held every June, is considered by the masses to be head and shoulders, figuratively speaking, above the more formal and exclusive Thames river affair. That, however, is a matter of opinion.

Personal, though disputed, choice of opinion also is the oft-expressed belief that Cornell, Columbia or Syracuse is the peer, crew for crew, of anything that Yale or her boating partner, Harvard, is able to turn out. But there are certain important, though not strictly sporting, considerations which Princeton is bound to respect in her selection of a course and a regatta for the resumption of her "open" rowing relations with the college world. And anybody who cares to read between the lines may figure it out this way:

Rowing is a losing game—a deadly losing game. Racing shells are very costly, coaches come high when they are paid at all, oars have to be as plentiful as teaspoons in a mess hall, or should; healthy, hard-working athletes have enormous appetites, especially on the training table; janitors, rubbers and other assistants have to be maintained and fed, boats and other rowing apparatus have to be housed and subjected to a perfect system of upkeep, and there are a hundred and one other expensive incidentals, not including railroad fares to and from race meets. There is no admission fees charged at regattas, and the financial returns from the sale of seats for the observation trains, from programme privileges, and the like, are infinitesimal as compared with the outlay. In rowing, therefore, it is the old, old story of everything going out and nothing coming in.

Popular collegian subscription and intercollegiate football, baseball and



Waiting for the Races.

Carnegie lake is destined to become a great canoeing center.



Princeton's Rowing Squads in Practice.

This photograph gives a fair idea of the size of the artificial lake.



Christening Carnegie Lake.

First shell launched there by Coach Titus, March 20, 1907.

track athletics are the only revenues that university crews have to depend upon for financial support, without which they could not exist. Princeton has had a sort of triple alliance on the gridiron, diamond and cinder path with the blue and crimson for years, and considerable of her income from gate proceeds has come from these three-cornered contests.

Thus it is that existing conditions, foreign in a way to the sport of rowing, make it almost mandatory upon Princeton to associate her aquatic future with the two universities whose athletic bread and butter she shares as a reward for land affiliation. In a word, the question of the Big Three in athletics ashore could be further cemented by a tri-party agreement afloat, and, irrespective of the feelings of the public as to the New Jersey university joining the squadron at Poughkeepsie, Princeton is wisdom-bound to display a preference for entering the New London races.

There is another element of tact which must necessarily enter into any such decision. Princeton is no small boy in the athletic circles. Paradoxically speaking, her claims for recognition are those of a lusty, full grown man, and, for that reason if for no other, it is essential that any suggestion for a triangular series of races on the Thames course should come from Yale and Harvard rather than from Princeton, which by initiating such a suggestion would be placed in a begging and undignified position not entirely consistent with her advanced athletic standing. But the handwriting on the wall indicates that Princeton's choice in college rowing regattas will be in favor of New London as against the more democratic Hudson river. This is a prediction that is worth bearing in mind.

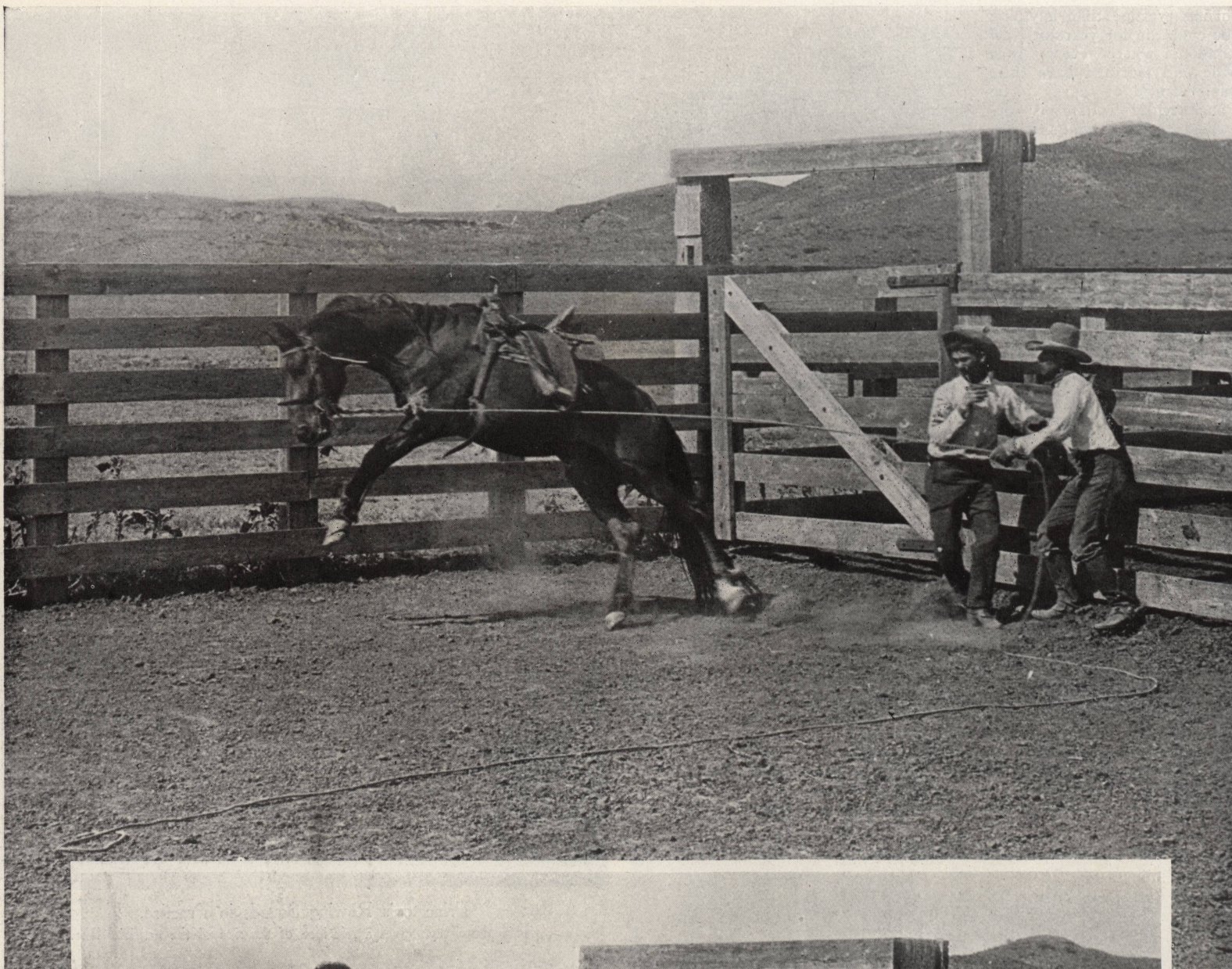
About five years ago it was recognized that if Princeton was to maintain her prestige in athletics it would be necessary for her to resume rowing. The enormous cost of building an artificial body of water made the desire an idle one for some little time, but one day some graduates managed to get Andrew Carnegie interested, and he inquired as to how much it would cost to create a lake big enough for a three-mile race, if wanted. He was told that such a lake would cost between \$400,000 and \$450,000 for construction account alone. Within a week after that the noted philanthropist announced his willingness to defray the necessary expense, and in December, 1906, the official opening of Lake Carnegie was had.

Numerous critics came forward about opening day to tear the lake to literal pieces. Some insisted that it was not long enough, others contended that it was not sufficiently wide, and others went so far as to publicly proclaim that the water in the lake was not wet enough. As a matter of fact, expert opinion has since agreed that the body of water is without exception the finest of its kind in America, and that because of its central location and its superior "tow" paths or banks it is likely to become years hence the scene of a genuine Yankee Henley, where all the best rowing crews of the country will come together for annual competition.

Coming suddenly into the possession of such a valuable rowing asset as

(Continued on page 47.)





Copyright, 1908, by Erwin E. Smith.

# ALAS! THE POOR RANGE COLT.

These rough, rude men are bent upon making him a saddle-horse.





Copyright, 1908, by Erwin E. Smith.

# LIKE ANY FREE-BORN TEXAS COLT, HE RESISTS.

But he fights fair and simply does a little earnest bucking.

THE man who essayed to ride this colt was new to bronco busting, but he knew how to ride, having had plenty of experience back in Illinois. He thought that any good rider should be able to stay on a bucking horse if using a stock (cowboy) saddle. "All you have to do is hang onto the horn," said he.

The photographs show how completely successful his theory proved. The picture at the bottom of the opposite page, made two seconds after he mounted, illustrates the correct manner of hanging onto the horn; that at the top of this page, made four seconds later, shows what was naturally to be expected would happen if the horse was still bucking when the rider found it impossible longer to hold onto the horn.

This record was made last summer at Bonham, Texas, and is backed up by the sworn affidavit of the photographer who made the pictures. So far as is known, there is no authentic report of its ever having been beaten, either before or since. The record-holder, however, does not expect to hold the honor for long, and admits that a stronger man might succeed in holding onto the horn for twelve or even fifteen seconds.





# The Day of the Antelope.

By T. S. VAN DYKE.  
Drawings by Walter King Stone.



FOR me there have been no fairer days than when the antelope skimmed the plain with legs nebulous with speed, on that low gentle canter whose deceptive motion left the best aimed bullet far behind. For the antelope is the only large animal that is wholly spirituelle. Graceful as he may seem when spurning the ground and swinging high over rocks and brush, to rebound like a ball at the next touch of earth, there is still something earthy about the deer. But the antelope seems born of light and nursed in the lap of the wind. All his movements show that he was meant for the air rather than the earth. Though nature made a slight change in giving him legs instead of wings, she made no mistake, and her work has always been the wonder and love of the hunter. When troubles arise the deer takes to the harbor of the hills, but the antelope steers for the open sea. The farther the plain sweeps wide and free the more this gay rover loves its safety, and a run that to the deer would mean death is to him only a "breather", that warms him up to the race. Whether illumining the horizon like a shooting star in the clear morning air of the great plain or looming high like a stilted ghost in the mirage of glowing midday, he is the most charming of all things that run, and his passing has left a great void that nothing can fill. The few that are left, protected as they are, give no idea of the effect produced on a lover of the open by one of the great bands of the days that were, strung out in a film almost like vapor with distance and speed, and vanishing as if in air over the land's outlying verge.

No other wild animal has such a sense of security always so obvious even at first acquaintance as the antelope. The bear and the wolf, the deer and the panther love the concealment of timber or brush, and on the barest parts of the desert the bighorn keeps well hidden behind the great rocks that glitter in the sunshine on the towering hills. But in the day's most fiery heat the antelope cares naught for shade or concealment, lies down where you can easily see him, and stands attention on the most imposing knoll. It is far from anything like ignorance of the range of the rifle that makes him do this. No animal knows it better and no other keeps man at such a distance after he has had a little acquaintance with him. Not many times does a ball have to sing over his back or toss up the dust near by before he knows its meaning. I have seen them in wild parts of Mexico and in its territory of Lower California, where they could have known nothing of the hunter, but an inspection at half a mile was enough for most of them, and there were very few that would stand at a quarter of a mile if you were in sight. When very tame from ignorance of man they show it more by failing to keep as close a watch on rolling ground as they afterward do on learning that danger lurks behind the little ridge or knoll that once seemed so harmless.

The antelope trusts more to his eyes than to his nose or ears, and a wondrous reliance they are. They take in every part of the horizon and very slight must be the motion that can escape them. It is hard to say whether they equal those of the deer or turkeys in heavy timber because the antelope rarely enters timber, even when it is very open, though he sometimes does. But I do not believe that either deer or turkeys can catch the slight motion of a hat over a ridge at the same distance the antelope can when quite wild and watchful. And they become wary wonderfully quick.

For this reason there is a great difference in the hunting of the antelope from that of the deer. The great difficulty you find with the deer is to get sight of one at all or even far out of range of your rifle. And when you do see one the chances are many that he will be very near you as compared with the distance at which you first see the antelope. The consequence is that the eye of the hunter must be wonderfully keen to see the game far enough away and before it can take the alarm. To do this one must show the least possible bit of hat over the crest of a ridge and must scan every bit of white or brown or even hazy grey a mile or more away sometimes. For while the antelope when on foot is not nearly so hard to see as a deer, because of the open country in which he is found, when he is lying down it is quite another thing. And even when standing he is not easy to see at a long distance, especially when there is much grass or cactus on the plain.

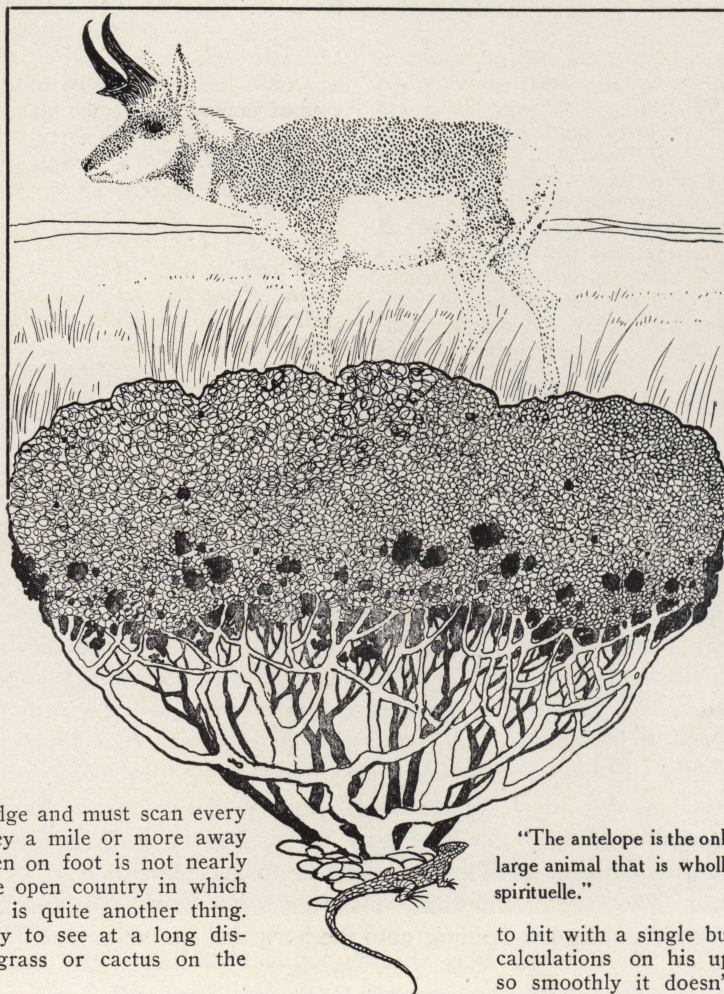
Often he is so far away that you cannot tell whether the antelope has seen you or not, and by the time you have made a long detour and under cover of some rising ground have sneaked to a point where you might get a long shot, you find your game has slipped away while you were slipping up on it. And often a glass will give you no aid in this respect, for the antelope does not always prick up his ears and show alarm in his action to the same extent that a deer does. And he does not always rise to his feet when he sees a man at a long distance. Many a time you throw away all the chances of a shot by a little impatience. When you locate a spot of white or brown at half a mile away which you think means antelope you are apt to forget that it is none too easy to find that same place again from a new point of view, for on the plain you will generally have no distinctive points by which to fix a place so that you will know it again. Consequently when you have reached that point from which you think you can look for the game without being seen you may be some distance from it. And not seeing the game at once where you thought it was you think it has run away while you have been making the detour. Then you raise your head too quickly over the ridge and away goes the game off on one side and just out of shot.

Though I have seen them where they were tame from the entire absence of hunters, I never saw them tame enough to come to a flag. The first sight of it, little or great without regard to color, set them flying always. So did throwing up my foot while lying on the ground, or anything of the sort. I never could do anything with either of these tricks, nor have I known anyone who has in modern times. Very likely in the early days of the plains a man with a small bore muzzle loader and round ball had to resort to some such thing to get an antelope within range, but they must have outgrown it before the breechloader was long in use.

When I came to southern California in 1875 there were two bands ranging on my hunting ground that no one else ever troubled so far as I was able to learn. They had leagues of range without a house in sight, with no market shooters in the county and hardly any hunters. I had the advantage of rolling table land for hunting ground and this abounded in ridges and little valleys and knolls of all kinds behind which it was easy to travel without being seen. But they always gave me all I wanted of exercise and hunting before I could get one. In spite of little disturbance they were wild and wary, entirely different from the antelope we used to read about in the early stories of the great plains, and not to be caught by any old-time hunter's tricks. But for the horse, hunting them would have been almost impossible. They ranged over fifteen miles one way by six or eight the other, not every day of course, but during about a month they would swing over the whole circuit, though if not disturbed they would stay two or three days within a circle of some three miles in diameter.

On this ground there were many high points from which a good view could be had for miles, something not common in most of the countries where the antelope range. With a glass I could locate a band miles away if they were in motion. If they were lying down or not alarmed and it was not too late in the day, patience and care were almost sure to bring me near enough for a fair shot. But that had to be a certainty, for there was no more chance that day. They are the last of all the animals to follow up for a second shot. There was nothing left but to follow them next day to the other end of the range or wait for them to swing back again in a couple of weeks or so.

One who has not scratched and crawled to the crest of a ridge just in time to see soft lines of white and brown gliding gently away from the place where he expected to find them at rest, has little idea of deceptive speed. No other animal can make anything approaching the speed of the antelope with so little rise and fall. A fast trotting horse comes about the nearest to it, but he seems bounding high beside the gentle canter of the antelope. The latter seems so easy to hit with a single bullet because you do not have to make any calculations on his up and down motion. And he rolls along so smoothly it doesn't seem possible that you make the dust



"The antelope is the only large animal that is wholly spirituelle."





"...strung out in a film almost like vapor with distance and speed, and vanishing as if in air."

fly so far behind him when you have held the sights of the rifle so far ahead of him. If horse or dog is pressing him hard there is no apparent increase in his effort. The gap between them merely widens as if the pursuer were tiring with the pace. And the length of time that he can keep this up is something wonderful. No doubt there are some horses that can outrun some antelope, though I have never seen or heard of one from anyone who had seen it. The same with the swiftest grayhound. Individuals vary as in men, and a fat antelope living a lazy life for lack of hunting might be overhauled by a wiry dog in good training. But it is quite certain that the majority of antelope cannot be run into by anything in a stern chase. Those that I have seen were on ground too rough to give either horse or dog his best chance, but the gap left between them and the game was quite ridiculous. Running in at the first dash, as can often be done with the mule deer, if he can be caught on smooth ground, seems quite impossible. About the only chance is to tire out the antelope, which may mean a run of thirty miles or more. I never saw the dog that could stay through three miles, but this was on account of the heat and dry air which do not seem to bother antelope at all, while a dog can never be trained to endure either very long where he has to run far without water. And if he should cross water and stop to drink he could never make up the time thus lost.

The finest place to see this gay rover at his best was in Antelope valley, in the seventies. This is an arm of the Mojave desert, in southern California, about a hundred miles west of where I now live. The rainfall is heavy enough there to make a fair growth of feed in nearly all years, and antelope were there by the thousand. The valley is some forty miles long and ten wide, with high rolling sides from which you can get a bird's-eye view of the whole, through the dry clear air in which it eternally sleeps. With a good glass it was easy to see a large band of antelope in motion ten miles away, but the greater part of the valley was so level that stalking the game was out of the question. Such a place to run them with horses I never saw, and hunters used to come from far and near. No one ever ran into a band or came anywhere near it, but by taking advantage of the love the antelope has for a straight line, a horseman could run in from the side and get near enough to jump off and shoot, or shoot from the saddle before the game would swerve.

I believe I have seen five hundred at once strung out in a vapory line, some with legs forty feet high from the mirage, some upside down, and all sorts of shapes, from the dancing heat of the fiery plain, but holding a pace that the best horse could not hold long. So determined were they to hold their course that it was not unusual if the dash were made far enough ahead of the line for a rider to get within a hundred yards of the leader. If he went on without swerving the rest were very apt to follow, and if the rider did not lose his wits when he jumped off, the emptying of a repeating rifle before the line was out of reach was a certainty. The way the game did not fall, though, was quite amusing. The first ball, fired in too much haste, was quite sure to go too high, and perhaps another was sent on the same line before the shooter could see the dust from the first one fly from the dry plain beyond. Holding

lower it was quite amazing to see the space between two antelope devour lead. Sometimes several shots would be thrown away in finding out how far to hold ahead of the slippery targets, and, as the ball had to make a long trip over the plain before you could see it strike the ground, you had little to guide you. Meanwhile the line of antelope was swerving some, though you hardly noticed it, and this was deranging your calculations again. The result was perhaps a single animal bagged out of the whole line and sometimes not even one hit, but the line winding swiftly out of sight over a knoll without a leg failing or even flagging in a speed that it was all but hopeless to follow that day with the best of horses. Either a new band had to be found or the departing one left for another day.

Wonderfully exciting it was while it lasted, and where one could keep cool he could often get three or four head of game before the panorama was over. The main trouble with it was that when over it was like a circus; it was over and there was nothing to do but quit and work up a new hunt in another part of the valley, or which was more likely to be the case—wait until the next day. In hunting in this way on the great Mexican desert, I found this still worse on account of its vast reach and flatness with just enough brush to spoil the view at long distances. It was also quite difficult to get a horse that could stand the long trip often necessary to find the game and hold up for the dash. The antelope were tough, wiry chaps, living on cactus and going without water, but full of strength from the feed which horses cannot eat. Any ordinary horse stood not a ghost of a chance even to head off a line of such racers used to travelling leagues about every day.

Many antelope are yet left in Mexico, but it is in parts where the ground is too level for anything like still-hunting. There are not enough ridges or knolls to hide behind, and you stand little chance skulking behind brush or cactus. The eyes of your game are far too keen for any fun of that sort. In our country they are practically a thing of the past. In California, where once there were thousands, only a few remain on one of the great ranchos of the San Joaquin valley. They are under fence and protected by law, which allows none to be shot at any time of year. In New Mexico and Arizona they were scattered in a few bands over great plains ten years ago and seemed to have learned that they were safe only on the vast level sweeps of land that stretch like the open sea to the horizon's verge. In the Pan Handle of Texas, where twenty-five years ago small bands dotted the rolling plains in every direction, and where it seemed impossible for the settler ever to be a factor in their happiness, farms now dot almost every section. Whether "dry farming" (farming on light rainfall) is a success or not, it is near enough to it to keep folks repeating the experiment so that the range of the antelope is gone forever. It must be the same farther north, where there is more rain. No amount of protection can save them as game as it can the deer. They must have miles of land where the deer can keep wild enough with rods of brush. Protection can only make them curiosities instead of game. But their going is a loss that only those can appreciate who knew them when the world was younger.

## The Vanishing Hosts.

By PERCY M. CUSHING.

Bleak were the winds and the skies were bleak,  
Bleak lay the tossing bay;  
Eastward the dawn gnawed a ragged streak  
With the teeth of the winter's day.

Low in the reeds at the river's mouth  
He grinned to his gun's deep roar,  
And the wild duck clouds as they hurried south  
Paid toll ere the day was o'er.

Bleak are the winds and the skies are bleak,  
Still bleak is the tossing bay;  
But the winged hosts that we used to seek  
Have gone with the yesterday.





### CURLING GAINS IN FAVOR IN AMERICA.

In a game the participants draw lots for rotation in play and each thrower uses two curling stones. At a distance of forty-two yards or less, circles of seven and four feet radius are drawn around a tee and a central line through the center of the four-foot circle to the hog score. Each competitor plays four shots at each of the following eight points of the game: Striking, inwicking, drawing, guarding, chap and lie, wick and curl in, raising and chipping the winner. From the above photos, made by W. H. Wallace, it can readily be seen that brooms are kept busy cleaning the ice and polishing the stones.



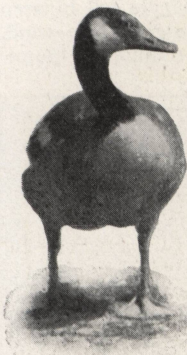


A Pair of Sprigs, or Pintails.  
Easily recognized by their long necks and tails.

## A Taste of Old-Fashioned Wildfowl Shooting.

By JOHN KERR AND W. M. NEWSOM.  
Photos by the Authors and C. S. Cummings.

FIVE miles from Cape Hatteras, on the Sound side of the long bar that reaches from the Virginia line far down to Cape Lookout, is a town made up of sand,



Nellie.

sedge grass, sand, scrub oak, sand, a house or two, and more sand. By any other name this town would be just as innocent of outward charm, just as frankly devoted to marketing the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air. It might not even be necessary for it to have a name, were it not the legal residence of Dr. J. J. Davis, a pleasant man and kindly, short, quick, and surprisingly businesslike for North Carolina, a man of wide experience in goose shooting. Bill's theory is that the town would be better off without both the doctor and the name. But Bill has a double jointed grudge against the place and the doctor because the only pair of trousers he could find in the town—and he *had* to have them—were the doctor's spare corduroys, and they were just twelve inches too "large" around the waist. And there is the doctor and there is the town, and they call it Buxton.

After Bill had negotiated with Dr. Davis for the necessary pair of trousers, and the conversation had drifted to less important things, we were informed that the best shooting on Pamlico sound is to be had when the first geese come. In other words, the last three weeks in November and the first week in December. In this region, rough, blowy, stormy weather is the best for shooting. Then the fowl decoy well, and they are kept moving by the rough water. On quiet days there is little use in "setting out," as the geese settle on the water and it is almost impossible to keep them stirred up. Besides, in calm weather they do not decoy well, as they fly very high.

We found quite a party of gunners already staying with Dr. Davis. Two of them had lost their baggage on the way down, and consequently could not go shooting. Bill was in the same predicament except that he had his

gun and shells—and the doctor's man-size corduroys.

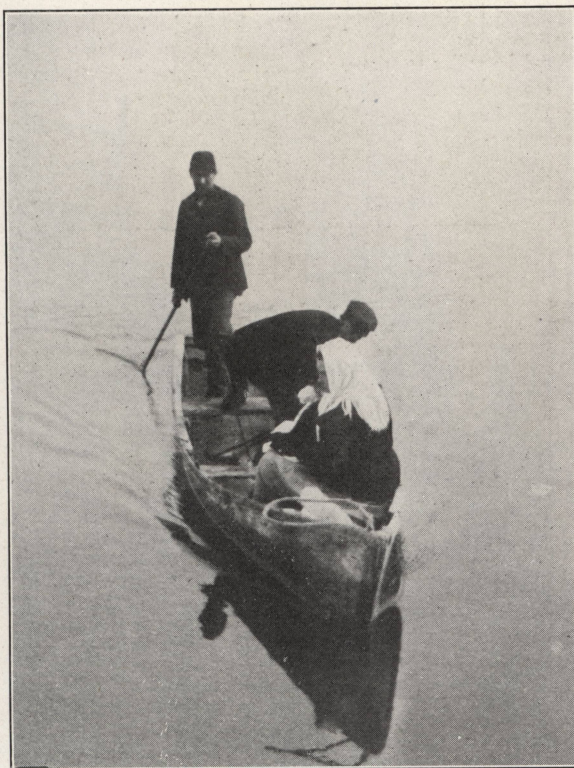
At about five o'clock on the morning after our arrival at Buxton, we, with the other hunters and the guides, assembled on the shore to start out for the day's hunt. Then came the most footless argument we ever heard. Dr. Davis had thirteen live decoy geese, and most of these were named. One was "Old Bill," another "John," another "Nellie," and so on. How they told the difference between them we couldn't for the life of us tell. Old Bill, the star honker of the flock, was crippled, and could not be used; on account of which he received the condolences of the whole crowd. One man wanted

Nellie, and at that there was a roar from the others. It seemed that every one wanted Nellie. She was a very popular goose, and had all the men at her heels. After much wrangling as to who should have which geese and how many each should have, we got under way—and Bill was to have Nellie! It was on account of the pants.

At last we all got into two of Dr. Davis's gasoline launches to be taken off to our respective shooting places. Behind each motor boat was one or more skiffs loaded with an outfit of decoys. Each man had at least one guide, and some had two. Each gunner had chosen a blind or battery according to his taste. Bill chose a blind, because he had never tried shooting from one like those used on Pamlico sound. Jock decided on a battery.

The blind Bill went to was about a half mile from shore. It was built (like most of them) on four stakes and was about seven feet from the water to the top of the box. It was not an imposing structure, being only a store box 4 x 4 feet square, with sides 3 feet high, and having a smaller box set in the bottom, its top being just flush with the bottom of the main box. Bill discovered it was so arranged in order that he might sit on the floor of the main box and put his feet in the little one. Around the outside of the blind was a festoon of sedge grass to make it look more natural. These blinds are very comfortable, and easy to shoot from.

Bill got to his blind and was set out by half past six. He had about a hundred duck and



People of the Reef.  
Who live by shooting and fishing.





Another Pair of Sprigs.

Among the few non-diving ducks that visit Pamlico sound.

brant "idols," or wooden decoys, and three of the thirteen live geese. Jock's battery was anchored a half mile off shore on the lee of a shoal, and he had five live geese decoys and six dozen brant and duck idols. There was a good breeze, and things looked promising.

Bill had all the luck, and such luck! No sooner was he in the blind and his decoys pegged out by their legs than things began to happen. A great flock of several hundred geese passed over him just out of range, honking like a thousand automobiles. "Ah," mused Bill, "if I can't hit those barn doors I'll give up the gun forever." Just then three wise old geese dropped off the tail end of the line and swooped down to his decoys. When they got within thirty-five yards Bill fired. No goose. Again! No goose. Bill looked quickly around to see if any one had seen. But the guides were far away on the bay stirring up the fowl, and Jock was lying down in his battery.

All that morning geese and brant flew by in thousands. Whenever a flock came within a quarter of a mile of the blind the faithless Nellie set up a great honking, and flopping about in the water, and of course the three other geese joined in. Then, if luck favored, the wild hosts would come in; when they came close enough Bill collected toll. One fine old lone goose came in at noon as Bill was eating his lunch. Just as he bit off a large chunk of corn bread Bill saw the goose directly over his head. Overboard went the lunch as Bill grabbed his gun. By this time the goose was sixty yards away, just turning to get away up wind. The thought of his lost lunch made Bill's aim deadly, and the goose paid the penalty.

From that time on until evening the shooting was good, but one shot is like another—almost. The last chance Bill had, he made a double on geese. The shot was not difficult, but getting the geese proved quite the reverse. After Bill had knocked them down they started to drift down wind. The water was rough, and came to within a few inches of Bill's boot-tops; the bottom was soft and sticky. However, as the guide's boat was a long way off, he dropped gaily over the side of the blind and climbed down into the water to retrieve the two fine geese. The water splashed into his boots, and the bottom hung on so he almost pulled a boot off at every step. Bill finally succeeded in getting the geese, but contrary to his expectations they were very much alive and kicking. When he took hold of them, as they lay close together, they suddenly revived, and honked and flopped about with great vigor, splashing water all over him, and wetting him to the skin. He had each bird by the neck, and did not dare to let go of either one for fear it might get away. Then he tried to wring both their necks at the same time. Each was a husky bird and refused to die. Bill churned them round and round but with no effect. He kept getting wetter and wetter, but he kept up the pump-handle action. Finally he became exhausted of language and strength, and waded back to the blind towing the two geese, both still flopping. How to get into the blind with them was a problem. Eventually, so he says, he tied their necks in a bow knot,

waited till they strangled, and then hoisted them up, with a good deal of pride.

Not long afterward, the guides came after Bill, and they picked up and went to the cabin the guides had built that same day on the shooting ground. This cabin was unique. Considering the length of time it took to build it, it was very substantial, but during the night, when a gale came up, we thought it would blow away. It was about eight by twelve feet square, built on stakes driven into the bottom, and about ten feet above water. The builders allowed but a few feet for a "front yard," on which was a rain barrel, quantities of idols, oyster forks, etc. For furniture the house contained a stove, two double-deck bunks fitted with feather beds, a table and an empty barrel. That was about all the furniture there was, but it was very cozy and quite comfortable.

Bill found Jock already at the cabin. He had had poor luck, and demanded that on the morrow Nellie should go with him. Bill, in the fulness of his heart (and trousers) consented. The guides cheered us with a good supper, and we turned in early, hoping the shack would not blow down.

After we had been in bed a while, Jock suddenly sat up.

"Bill," said he.

"Um."

"Remember at the Yale-Harvard game how a Harvard fellow would rise up and shout, 'Are we down HEARTED?' and the bunch would answer 'NO—O—O!'"

"Um," assented Bill.

"Well," said Jock, "that's what my geese kept saying to me all day long. Don't tell me those decoys haven't a sense of humor!"

No response. The wind that rocked the shack that rocked the bunk had rocked old Bill to sleep. And who would disturb the dreams of a goose hunter after a day such as Bill had enjoyed?

In the morning we turned out at five o'clock, and Bill went to a battery box buried in the sand on a reef, while Jock went back to his battery of yesterday. The battery had apparently shrunk during the night; at any rate Jock's head stuck up over the end, and he bulged over the edge generally. When his head was down his knees were up, and *vice versa*. He felt like a man in an undersized bath tub. Soon a lone brant came in, and swung to the left as Jock sat up. It was an easy shot, and down fell the brant at the crack of the gun. Then followed a long wait. Finally all Jock's decoys began to honk as if they would sprain their lungs. He looked up, not daring to move, and there right over his head, high up, he saw a lone goose—a very large goose indeed. The goose circled out of his range of vision, but finally there was a splash at the head of the battery and a honking that made it evident the goose had lit. Jock rose to his knees and turned around as the goose jumped. Bang! The goose hesitated. Bang! The goose fell to the water with a mighty splash, and out jumped Jock with a yell of exultation, for it was his first goose of the trip.

Then several single brant came to Jock's decoys. These singles usually come in very well, and hover for a fraction of a second before they alight. If you pick the proper instant, they are very easy to hit—and Jock picked the proper instant.

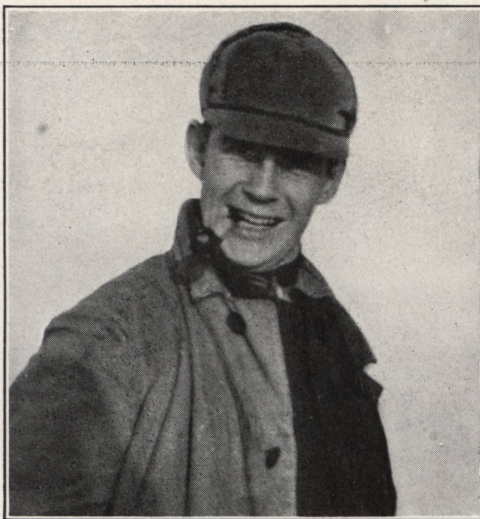
After these, one of the many passing flocks of geese decided to pay Nellie a visit. As they came honking in and swung over the end of the decoys, Jock suddenly sat up and fired twice in quick succession. One goose fell dead, another slanted down wounded, and again Jock gave vent to his glee, for he had scored a double. But, alas! the cripple fell in deep water, and by the time the guides arrived he was out of sight down wind, and was never found. All afternoon geese and brant kept coming in. Some



The Guides' Cabin on the Reef.

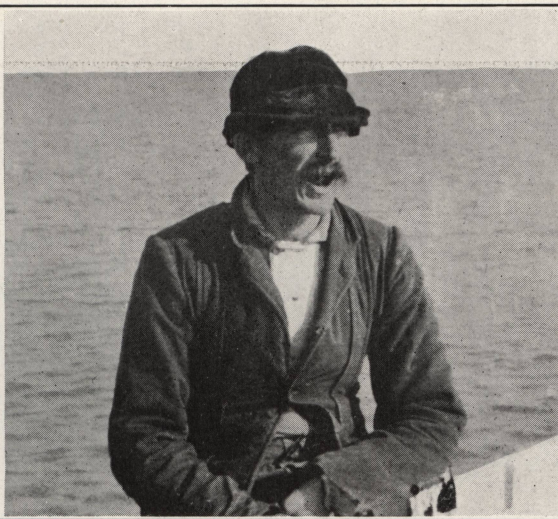
Rather a scary place for a city man to sleep during a gale.





Jock.

George encouraging the live decoys by doing a little "honking" he says he can call a goose four miles—if the goose is listening



George, "the Human Goose."



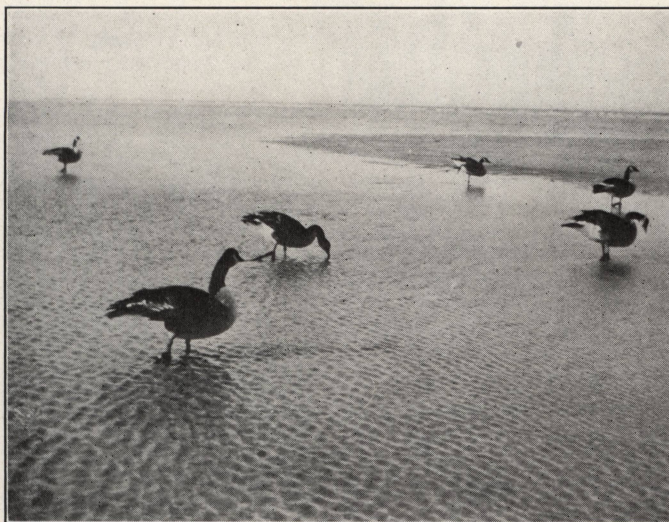
Bill.

never stopped, and others only paused to pass disparaging remarks. But several times (we cannot say how many, having Jock's score in mind) a passing gander answered the blandishments of Nellie, and there was a shooting.

Just at sundown Bill hove to alongside the battery with but three brant and bad luck to report. Nellie certainly was an influential goose.

Next day we allowed two other hunters to take the live geese decoys, and confined our attention to ducks. And we had good sport, for the ducks came in better because of the absence of the brant idols and live geese decoys. We both got a few redheads, and between us bagged all the broadbills and sprigtails we cared to shoot. We picked up the decoys at five o'clock in the evening, and then it was ho! for Dr. Davis's, a hot supper, and a comfortable bed with only two of its slats missing. We left for the North in the morning.

Don't attempt to go to the Cape Hatteras region unless you can make a two weeks' trip of it. It is a hard place to get to. We had left Elizabeth City, N. C., at 1.30 p.m., thinking that we would arrive at Buxton that same night. But at 7.30 that evening we were only as far as Manteo, on Roanoke island—just half way. The boat that brought us across Albemarle sound to Roanoke island was a converted



Live Decoy Geese Staked Out on the Beach.

It takes a goose to fool a goose

Geese and brant are plentiful. The market gunners, who are usually inhabitants of the small villages on the reef, hunt in couples, and have their own battery and stool of live decoys and idols, or wooden decoys. When it is too rough to use the battery, blinds such as has been described are used. The men shoot turn and turn about from the battery. The one who is not shooting "picks up" the dead game, and in between times he sails about breaking up the rafts of fowl.

As a rule, the guns these men use are old double-barreled relics with outside hammers so pitted and dirty that it is a wonder the barrels do not burst at the first shot. With such guns as these it is not strange that the men are not remarkable shots. They usually wait until the birds alight before they shoot. When they see two or three heads so closely aligned that they have a good chance to get several at the first shot, they fire. This is pretty certain, and it saves shells. When the fowl rise the gunner shoots again, but he usually puts little faith in the second barrel unless the birds are bunched. His joy and delight is to shoot into a big raft on the water which has drifted down wind to the decoys. There are more aristocratic market gunners along the coast of North Carolina, however, who live in small schooners. With these boats they follow the fowl, and it is these men who really take the heavy toll not only from the geese and brant, but also from redheads, broadbills and sprigtail. It is to be hoped a federal law for the protection of migratory game birds will soon be enacted to curb the enormous slaughter these ruthless pot hunters accomplish every winter.

Buxton is not the only place where a sportsman may find accommodations and guides. Gull Island, between Manteo and Buxton, is a good place, as is also Frisco, four miles from Buxton, and Ocracoke, farther down the beach, about twenty-five miles below Hatteras. And there are others of which you are sure to hear good reports when you stop at Manteo. The guides generally charge five dollars a day for each sportsman, and furnish everything but gun, ammunition, and personal equipment. And by all means take plenty of shells, for you can't get them down there.



Feeding the Decoys.

These are the genuine wild Canada geese, reared in captivity.





"We were astonished to find everyone equal to it all, the feminine members, in fact, being rather ahead."

## A Winter Holiday in the White Mountains.

THOSE who live in the large cities, many miles distant from their real homes, perhaps, often find it difficult to determine just how to spend the winter holidays. Comparatively few arrange to take an extended vacation during the winter season. And if only a week's time or less is available, most of the vacation may mean more or less uncomfortable riding

By CARLYLE ELLIS.

on a train. Our party of twelve, who decided to get out of town and into the White mountains, were in just such a fix. A short trip was possible, and greatly to be

welcomed, but home was too far away. Our little outing proved so successful that a record of it here may be of help to others for whom winter holidays are still a problem.

The first requisite was a cozy hotel of the old-fashioned sort, equipped with means of keeping warm and situated somewhere in the mountains. Correspondence soon disclosed several, some of which were kept open throughout the winter, and others which would be opened for a party. We chose one of the latter, recommended alluringly for its old-fashioned New England cookery and bountiful table. We also heard that the house possessed a huge fireplace and a warm-hearted host and hostess, a combination that easily decided us.

Arrangements were made by mail in advance. Our Christmas shopping was done ahead of the usual season, and therefore done in comfort, and we prepared to leave two days before the holiday. Having been duly advised by an experienced member of the party, we took along all the extra warm clothing we could find—sweaters, woolen stockings, caps and gloves, hunting or golf suits and moccasins. This seemed rather useless, as we left the city in warm, damp fog, but when at nine that night we were met at our destination by a big sled, and driven, muffled in robes, up a moonlit gorge with the snow crunching musically under the runners, we understood and were thankful.

The log fire was even more cheerful and comfortable than we had been led to expect. A warm welcome! Every one of us vowed allegiance to the Mountain House ever after. Our venerable host and hostess may not have understood completely our youthful enthusiasm over such simple things, but then they did not know what a cold ride we had had on the sled. After the cider and cakes had been passed—foretaste of memorable bounties to come—we were sent off to bed with warnings of a mysterious seven o'clock call for the morning.

"Why in the world," wailed the uninitiated, "are we to get up at such an hour?"

At six-thirty a masculine voice called: "Half an hour to breakfast. Thermometer fifteen below. Dress for outdoors in your warmest clothing. Moccasins and snowshoes!" You may be sure there was more wailing. We looked out from under the blankets in the half light and shiveringly wondered why we had come to a place with such outlandish customs. What pleasure or reason could there be in getting up at such unearthly hours in the dead of winter away out there? But before long we were again gathered around the fireplace, the more courageous making hurried dashes down the piazza to see what the thermometer looked like when it was fifteen below.



Getting Acquainted with Ski.

A novel experience for the women of the party.



Where the Climb Began.

Overcoats and extra duffle were left behind





A barbed-wire fence may have its utility, but—

Having followed instructions, our collective appearance was a good deal like the pirate chorus in a comic opera. The skirt-wearing members wore them rainy-day length over bloomers and several pairs of woolen stockings, with sweaters and caps that would pull down over the ears. The men were in re-inforced golf or hunting suits with flannel shirts and warm caps. An extra sweater and pair of gloves were carried for each. The medley of reds, grays and browns of these costumes made a most effective picture.

Breakfast over (save the buckwheat!) the big sled, guiltless of seats but filled deep with hay and robes, appeared, overcoats were donned, tin drinking cups slung to belts, snowshoes sorted, and we were off for the ceremony of cutting the Christmas tree. With the challenge of the real winter wind in our faces, the sun glistening on white fields and hills and the jingle of sleighbells keeping endless accompaniment to our voices, we

came to realize how much Christmas may owe to the weather.

We disembarked at an old farmhouse where we were evidently expected and overcoats and extra sweaters were discarded—rather unwillingly, but under stern commands. Then came the operation of attaching ourselves to snowshoes—for which, luckily, we had rehearsed indoors—and the first ventures on real snow. This provided considerable excitement, as there



Starting Out for the Christmas Jaunt.

A foretaste of the real climbs to follow.

were many beginners to be rescued and restored to the perpendicular, but our two experts went ahead, "breaking out" a snow trail, and soon the entire party was ambling along in their wake with comparative ease, and much pride and joy—that sometimes go before a fall.

Before long we were panting up a gentle slope, gloves off and coats thrown open to receive the mountain coolness. An hour's tramp brought us glowing into a grove of spruce at a foothill summit. Here spruce and fir boughs were cut and spread thickly on the snow, and the neophytes were glad to slip from their snowshoes for a rest, putting on the extra sweaters that they had tied around their waists and sitting in comfort on the boughs. One, however, tempted fate on the shoe-packed snow, which looked so solid. One step and he had disappeared to the knees, and the more he struggled the deeper he went. A test with a long stick showed us that we were encamped on the top of five feet of dry, white, smothery fluff, a novel and somewhat disconcerting idea to some of the party, though without any element of real danger.

Dinner that evening was an event. Every meal had come to be in the few hours since our coming. And then came the setting up and decoration of the Christmas tree. Our host had prepared a fragrant green bower of evergreen boughs during our absence, and unsuspected boxes of trimmings appeared as required. A touch of ceremonial was given the operation, in which all joined. Then sundry parcels, duly wrapped and labelled, were consigned to the care of an elder, and soon "Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

There were no wails at the call next morning, though the thermometer was still below zero. The sun came up into a spotless sky and the distant jingle of sleighbells started with his coming.

A Christmas greeting from the tower of the little church in the valley came to us as we assembled for breakfast and a Christmas carol preceded the formal opening of the room where the tree, now bearing much fruit, awaited us. True, we had displayed no wealth of originality in these simple plans, but we did not feel the lack, for here was something far more precious—the Christmas spirit, which somehow made the simple things the best things, and this peaceful place just the right place.

After an early luncheon, we dressed for snowshoeing again, for we must be in training for the real climbs to come. Besides, a whole day spent indoors in this climate was not to be thought of. Our leaders, making our education progressive, gave us a heavier walk. We covered five miles of snow fields and snow slopes with a little real climbing as a foretaste of coming labor, and we were astonished to find everyone equal to it all, the feminine members, in fact, being rather ahead. It was long after sundown when the hotel was reached, but instead of a tired and irritable party it fairly bubbled with animation. That is the magic of winter in the hills. After dinner the big dining room was cleared, the logs were piled high in the fireplace and musicians for dancing were announced. They belonged in the mountains, the old fiddler of tradition to the life, and the white-haired pianist looking as if he had just stepped out of "The Music Master." We danced the dances of a former generation, some slow and stately, some rollicking and lively, like the Virginia reel, the fiddler "calling" the movements in a cracked treble of infinite fitness. The dancing lasted till midnight, and it was stopped then not because of the day's activity, but because of the morrow's.

Again the six-thirty call and the eight o'clock start. This time each carried tied to his belt a canvas bag containing luncheon. We were to have our first all-day tramp and to climb a real mountain. It was not long before we realized that the previous trips had hardly been real work at all. Now we were tackling a slope of shifting snow where every step must be aided by a hold on branch or tree trunk. But it roused our fighting blood, and it became easier as we learned the tricks of the shoes and the lesson of non-resistance. "Don't start up till you have stopped sliding back," said the guide. And so came success and our second wind.

At noon we camped in a gully near the summit. And on the snow we built a fire—a very good fire—which soon melted a cavern under it, but it did not sink out of sight because it had a foundation of green logs. And on the fire coffee was made. No one ever tasted such good coffee in town, because no one climbed a snow-clad mountain in town to get it. Our luncheons, we found, consisted of sandwiches, crullers and apples, all thoroughly frozen, but it was a good luncheon to eat on the top of a mountain, and it was wonderfully improved by being toasted over the fire at the end of a forked stick. A short, stiff climb and we were on the summit with a marvelous panorama of blue and white peaks before us. The climb had been worth while, and this was worth the climb, so we felt doubly repaid.

And so it was on each day of that splendid week. Every day a different peak was made, and every day added to our store of health and enthusiasm. Toward the end we were making ten or fifteen miles a day and climbing 1,200 to 1,500 feet. We studied the ranges and made photographs. We learned to know the trees in their winter undress and the animals by their tracks in the snow. All in all, it was the jolliest winter holiday we ever had, because (as you may have guessed) it was spent out of doors.



Keeping to the open spaces so as to enjoy the scenery.



The Noonday Camp on Five Feet of Snow.  
No need for the customary request of "Look pleasant, please."





**Bucking the Blizzard.**  
And with fifty-pound packs, too.

Thomas never can see it; and only shook his head in disgust when I told him that we enjoyed the fourth vacation most of all.

But I said nothing about the first day's experience. It was raining as we set out on Big Moose lake to the entrance of the trail up to the hunter's lodge in the woods, and the water, which was six inches deep in many places, covered new ice. Thomas would have enjoyed the sight of his four friends balancing on the slippery surface like amateur tight-rope walkers, wildly waving their snowshoes in the air, weighted down with fifty-pound packs and handicapped by stiff, freshly greased moccasins. He would not have sympathized with them for their aching muscles and ignominious sprawls on the water-covered ice. That was hard work.

It was slushy and slippery in the woods. Two men put on snowshoes and two did not, but in the end all of us were paralyzed with fatigue and subjected to the same hallucination that the cabin "must be just over" the last half dozen hills before it actually showed through the trees. That also was hard work.

Putting camp in order took the balance of the day—washing every dish and pan, hanging out the bed-clothes, filling the water tank at the back of the stove, carrying in wood and preparing and cleaning up two meals.

According to habit, we fell easily into the old routine except for the customary wrangle over who would carry water. The same two men got the meals and the same two cleared up as in former years. Our muscles had no chance to stiffen from the hard trip in from Big Moose. I know that mine would have been terribly sore but for the work about camp.

The city custom of sleeping late prevailed on Sunday morning, but in the afternoon we made the rounds of a line of traps on Queer lake that had been set by a guide of our acquaintance. Our troubles of the day before were sufficiently compensated by the crisp, cold air and clear blue sky, if by nothing else.

It rained again on Monday. The cook loafed on breakfast, surprising us with a wonderful hash; and until dinner, the subject of matrimony was discussed up and down and across—three bachelors to one married man. In the afternoon a dispute as to what lay to the south of camp was settled by going out in the rain on snowshoes with the compass as guide, but, more important were the new lakes and woods, the development of weaknesses in foot-gear, good hard exercise and the return to camp by way of Queer lake with huge appetites. Snow fell in the night.

Tuesday was one of those crackling, cold, brilliant days which are the lure of the north woods in winter. With no definite objective in mind, we struck into the hills east of Queer lake, and for several hours walked through underbrush and over snow-covered bogs that would have been impassable in summer, saw deer tracks on all sides, found a grove of beautiful pines and scared up rabbits and partridges. We missed nothing that appealed to a receptive mood. In the middle of the afternoon we returned to camp with dreadful designs on the commissary department.

The trail out to the railroad station had been converted into fairyland by a snow Tuesday night. A more fascinating finish for the vacation could not be imagined.

"Was that all you did?" asked Thomas.

"That was all we *did*," I answered, "but it was not all the fun and interest and enjoyment." Take, for instance, the new lakes and hills and woods about camp that we saw. We tramped miles and miles, scorning trails, secure in the knowledge that we could always go back on our own trail in the snow if it were necessary.

At nights, we sat around the fire and discussed the important things of life as men will do under such circumstances. How to reduce outfits

# A Vacation on Snowshoes.

By J. N. TRAINER.

"**D**ID you hunt deer?" asked Thomas, when I told him about our winter vacation in the Adirondacks.

"No. It was the closed season."

"Was there anything you *could* have hunted?"

"Fox, rabbit and partridge. Some trapping, mink and fisher. Three years ago we ran down a doe in the deep snow and could have killed her with a club. A good sport like yourself might have had fun shooting the mice and sparrows about camp. But our trip was not to kill things."

"Then you fished?" he persisted.

"No."

"Well, what *did* you do anyway? All that work and cold for nothing? I can't see it."

and grub, what footgear is the best, the merits of different kinds of snowshoes, who ought to carry the water, etc., are good subjects for many long winter evenings.

Perhaps our chief interest was the care of our bodies. We came to think of them as things apart from our real selves; we fed and exercised them, rubbed them down and put them to bed. There is nothing finer in the world than to take your old carcass away to the winter wilds and make rough love to it in this way.

Perhaps Thomas would go to Bermuda or Palm Beach.

"Why return to the same spot every year?" I am asked. Because it is the same spot, convenient to the city and perfectly satisfactory. The trail up into the hills from Big Moose, the exquisite Queer lake and the tight little cabin with snow-laden roof, are old friends.

Next in importance to keeping in good physical condition is the weather, which last year was not as kind as formerly on account of rain on Saturday and Monday. For the first time, we took New Year's Day instead of Lincoln's Birthday, but decided that the latter is preferable because it is nearer the dead of winter and the days are longer. It was often difficult to decide whether to use snowshoes outdoors or "go it afoot." The lowest temperature was only zero, and the customary morning "tub" in the snow was not as difficult as it was one morning two years ago when the temperature was thirty-seven below zero. One day when the rain turned to snow, we lined up in front of camp and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," whereupon the snow turned back at once into rain. The weather and its vagaries must be taken philosophically; no matter how important it is, do not let it spoil your fun.

Warmer weather had one odd effect—the fat man lost his popularity

as a bed fellow. The human furnace of colder years was actually told to keep on the outer edge of the bed because his surplus animal heat was uncomfortable.

We consumed less sausage, bacon and fatty foods because it was not as cold as the year previous. The cake, jelly and fresh fruit contributed by the wife of the guide who furnished supplies, were superfluous. We revised the grub list to such an extent that I shall put down again what in our later experience was about right for four men four days: Sausage (3 lbs.), bacon (6 lbs.), potatoes (1 peck), onions (2 qts.), bread (5 loaves), eggs (1 doz.), condensed milk (5 cans), sugar (1 lb.), beans (1 qt.), ham (4 lbs.), butter (2 lbs.), fresh beef (8 lbs.), brown sugar (1½ lbs.), rice (2 lbs.), corn meal (3 lbs.), coffee, prepared flour, chocolate, whiskey, dried fruit, raisins and tea.

The surprises sprung by the cook were always received with the delight of half-grown dogs over pieces of meat. We crowded into four days the accumulated culinary ideas of a year. Out of courtesy

I pass over the sodden cup custards of doleful memory to such triumphs as cottage pudding, corn cakes and hamburger steak. One supper consisted of beef-steak, baked potatoes, toast and apricot and rice "compote;" but the supreme effort was our last dinner of a soup made from everything in camp, followed by boiled ham, mashed potatoes, beaten light, boiled onions, toast, rice with syrup, apples and coffee made this one time with an egg. Thomas never in his life tasted such good food.

Now, finally, I must say that we noticed signs of advancing age, although none of us is what you would call an old man. The trip from railroad to camp seemed more difficult, and we jumped with less alacrity at suggestions to go outdoors and tear around in the snow just for the fun of it, but we packed to go home with the same old complaint that the time had been so short. "Next year let's stay longer," said the human furnace as he clattered out of the cabin on his snowshoes.

"Right," answered the cook from down the trail.



**The Easier Way.**

Figuratively speaking, the toboggan is the snow canoe.



**A Weak Spot in the Footgear.**  
Strenuous going will find it out if it is there.



# Useful Hints for Outdoor People.

By READERS OF RECREATION.

In sending a "Hint" be sure to give a simple and accurate description, and if practicable make a rough sketch to accompany it. Only those which are practical and original will be considered. Address Editor Useful Hints Department.

## Stand for Camp Stove.

The ordinary sheet iron camp stove, without legs, if set on the ground inside a tent will soon set fire to the roots, etc., underneath and cause a very disagreeable smudge. This may be remedied by setting the stove on a stand. The stand I made for ours was entirely satisfactory and may be duplicated as follows: Get six strips of band iron one inch wide by one-fourth of an inch thick and two feet long. In four of these drill a hole about three inches from each end and in the other two drill a hole about one inch from each end and another four inches from each of these. Now four stakes as long as desired should be driven into the ground in such a manner as to make a rectangle twenty-two inches long by eighteen inches wide. Next lay the two strips with the two holes in each end on the stakes, lengthwise of the rectangle, having the holes nearest the end directly over the stakes. Now lay the other strips across these in such a manner that the holes in one will be over the holes in the other. Drive a nail through the holes in both strips into the corner stakes and drop a nail through the other holes and you are ready for the stove, which should be set between the two middle bars and leave a shelf on each side for cooking utensils, etc.

W. D. WHITE.

Vermont.

## Getting Rid of Barnacles.

I have a small power boat which I keep in a little cove where the water is pretty fresh, and for several years I was troubled over the fact that barnacles quickly and thickly covered the bottom of the boat. Now I stir a little dry paris green into the copper paint which I use below the water line, which proves an effective remedy.

CLIFFORD A. PECK.

Connecticut.

## Making Prints Lie "Flat."

No doubt a great many amateurs have trouble in making photographic prints lie "flat" after washing and drying. The following method I have found very satisfactory. Place the print face up on a table which has a smooth edge, place the palm of the left hand on the face of the print and with the right hand take hold of the edge of the print and draw it carefully and smoothly over the edge of the table toward the floor, letting the left hand gradually slip off the print as it nears the edge of the table. If the print is drawn over the edge so that the corner leaves the table last and the operation repeated with the other corners, the result will be a "flat" print. To mount in an album put a small quantity of paste on the corners of the print, place it in a position in the book and press each corner down firmly with a blotter. Don't have the print wet, and don't try to put paste all over the back of it. for if you do when the print does get dry it will draw up the leaf of the album.

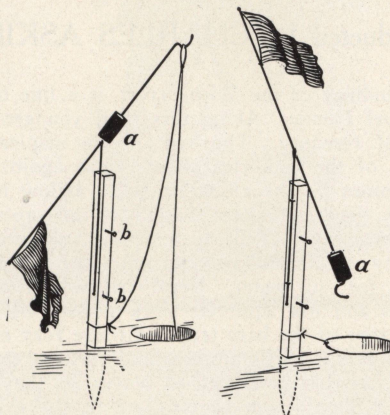
E. C. LE MUNYON.

China.

## Improved Tip-Up.

The tip-up, illustrated herewith, is easy to make, in fact, a boy of eight years could make one. Take a piece of any soft wood, one foot long and one inch thick. Now take the rib of an old umbrella, leaving the small rib attached; fasten short rib (b) to wood; bend a little crook on one end of long rib. Take a piece of lead, or any metal, about two or three ounces, and attach it (a) to crooked rib, so that it slides easily. Attach a piece of dark-colored cloth to opposite end. Your tip-up is then completed. When you want

to fish, cut hole in ice, then chop small hole next to large one, insert stick, throw slush from large hole into small one, pack it down, and stick will be frozen in. Make loop in line, and hang on hook. The fish, pulling the line, causes the tip-



up to descend; the loop of line slips off the wire hook, and the lead weight slides to end of wire. This prevents the wind from blowing the flag down again.

LOUIS ZWEIGHAFT.

Pennsylvania.

## Recipe for Waterproofing Shoes.

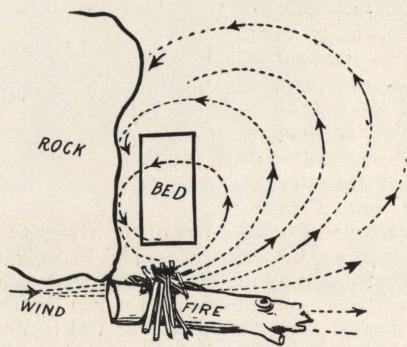
There are probably a great many sportsmen and others tramping through woods and over hills, who, like myself, have had great difficulty in finding a suitable dressing for making their shoes, hunting boots, etc., waterproof. Below is a recipe I have used for the last two seasons and find it the "best ever" for waterproofing such articles: Rub them in the following mixture: Linseed oil, four ounces; turpentine, one ounce; beeswax, one ounce; Venice turpentine, one ounce, and rosin, one ounce.

O. R. JUNKINS.

South Dakota.

## Building a Wind-Break.

In choosing the most desirable camp (and that's the one we want) during wintry weather, one needs a wind-break. Get to the lee of a mountain, or forest, or some other great obstruction. Then select a smaller obstruction, such as a large boulder, or thickly matted treetop, behind which "make the bed," and "boil the kettle." If wind-breaks are scarce, it will pay you to cut down



a big cedar (or some other evergreen with thick foliage) and build a wall of the boughs at least ten feet wide and four feet high. Next, secure a big back-log and place it in such a manner that its outer half will be swept by the wind. Build your fire against the log. You will find that the back-log will make a good heat reflector; the wind will fan your fire; the warm air will eddy behind the wind-break; and—you will keep warm.

EUCLID D. MILLER.

Tennessee.

## Waterproof Covering for Your Watch.

Among the small "wrinkles" I have picked up is a scheme to keep one's watch dry even though you go overboard or are drenched from wet bushes. It also enables you to see the watch face without removing the waterproof covering. It may be an old scheme but I have not seen anyone else use it. Take a piece of pure rubber "dental dam" 8 in. square, put the watch in the center and bring the rubber together at the stem, tying the puckered up rubber snugly with a bit of string. This keeps your watch absolutely dry and when you wish to see the face, simply stretch the rubber over the front and you can see the hands clearly through the rubber, made thin for the time being by the stretching.

H. C. CURL.

District of Columbia.

## Improvised Bait-Casting Rod.

Desiring to use my steel fly rod as a bait-casting rod, I secured a 2½-inch, sixteen gauge wire bress screw, through which I bored two ¼-inch holes, starting them where the head bulges from the shank of the screw and having them come out at the center of the head. I filed it as smooth as possible with a small rat-tail file, then smoothed the holes with a strip of emery paper. Next, I filed the shank of the screw down so it would fit into the second joint instead of the regular fly tip, thus making a good bait-casting rod at little expense. As my rod has a reversible butt, I unscrew the cap and slip this short brass tip into the butt and screw on the cap, in this way having my bait-casting rod always with me.

CLIFFORD A. PECK.

Connecticut.

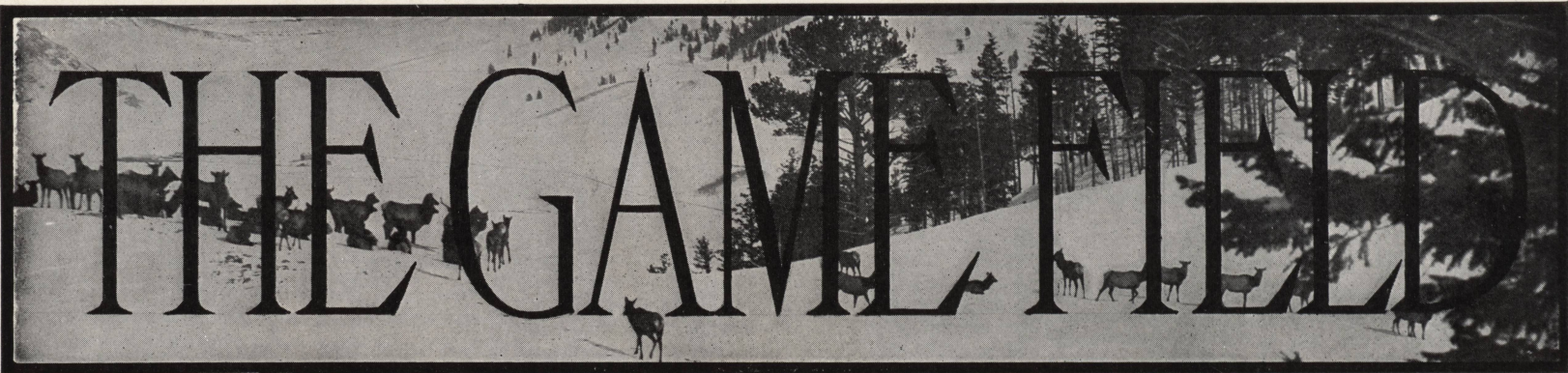
## Protecting Blistered Feet.

I have read of many methods of protecting blistered feet, caused by hunting boots or other foot apparel while on hunting or hiking trips. Never, however, have I heard of any so efficient as one which I discovered this fall, when a particularly painful blister on my heel threatened to put an end to what had promised to be a most enjoyable grouse shooting trip. We were tenting many miles from the city, and drug stores were a long way off, and the position in which I found myself was to find something in the supplies of the party which would allow me to keep "traveling." I had long been acquainted with the great usefulness of a roll of surgeons' adhesive plaster or tape and for a long time had carried such a roll with me when in the woods. This I dug out of my kit and while gazing intently at it, thinking how I could do it, it suddenly occurred to me that I had seen some union plasters, belonging to some unfortunate member of the party, in the general melee on the tent floor when our kits were first unpacked. These were promptly produced, and after splitting one to make it thinner, I put it over the blister, gummed side down, so that the "hole" part of the plaster came directly over the blister. This I securely fastened to the heel by a strip of the surgeons' plaster about five inches long and sufficiently wide to completely cover the hole, extending clear across the plaster and perhaps two inches on either side of it. This contrivance, I found, allowed me to "travel" as well as ever and fully protected the blistered heel until well. The great advantage of the above method is that nothing chafes or rubs against the sore spot. The plaster encircling the blister receives all the rubbing, while the surgeons' tape makes a covering which keeps the blister clean and at the same time securely fastens the union plaster to the foot.

CHARLES J. HUTCHINGS.

Maine.





Conducted by CHARLES ASKINS.

### Where to Go for Quail in the Southwest

This month I am going to tell you in a matter-of-fact way where to go quail-shooting in the great Southwest. Of course the season is over in the North, but good old reliable Arkansas, sprightly Oklahoma, and stately Texas are in the very midst of their shooting season. As much might be said of the states east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio, but I cannot scatter over such a big target with this discharge. Besides, I wish to take you this time where the white man has not been worried to death with gunners, nor the black man eaten all the game.

Down below St. Louis, in the eastern side of Arkansas, the Iron Mountain and the Cotton Belt railroads wend their way carefully between the wide Mississippi swamps on one side and the Ozark hills on the other. About every little town and station the dense woods have been chopped away, leaving irregular, open fields. These are planted with cotton and peas and wheat, with always a rank patch of cane to grow the family molasses. About the fields the oak and cypress grow a hundred feet high, and the wild cane masses densely under them. Winding woods roads lead from one little town to the next, while small farms open out now on this side and again on the other. These farms are fenced with the old worm-fashion rails, which means fence rows and elegant cover for the birds. Along these

fences quail find a windbreak, and sun themselves on a winter's day. The wise old pointer always skirts these brushy fences before trying the stubble or the corn, and with a gun on either side and the birds flying up and down, in and out, the sport is pleasant beyond description.

Select your town haphazard anywhere between the Arkansas line and Memphis or Little Rock, for you cannot make a mistake. All the country hotels are good enough and cheap, or you can get out with a farmer, eat wild honey, hunt coons with him, and accompany his son and daughter to all the dances for ten miles around. If you can sing or play the fiddle it will save you the customary charge of ten dollars per month for board. In this section you can see more of the old pioneer woods life than anywhere else in America, with the possible exception of the Blue Ridge mountains. The people live well and dress plainly, recognize no superiors, and no inferiors; they will quit work to show where a bevy of quail is using, or chase you out with a Winchester rifle if you impose on them. If you are of a crusty, uncivil, unsocial disposition, with no time to sit on a rail fence and chat with a neighbor, don't go there—go to some preserve and pay for the privilege of shooting.

Across Northern Arkansas, following the devi-

ous windings of the White river, is a line of the Missouri Pacific. Along this road you are in a land of romance. The red of the maples and yellow of the hickories show bright against the black pines on the mountain-side. Below in the valleys the red apples hang on the trees till Christmas time. Pick up a pebble and throw it into any stream, and you can watch the fish dodge in ten feet of water. Great red-headed woodpeckers and fox squirrels show a flash of color in the tops of the bare trees. Grouse roar out of the thickets of wild grapes, and turkeys tear to tatters the heavy carpet of leaves in the thick woods. Should you be out late in the evening more kinds of owls will hoot at you than you ever heard of in nature books, and you may be-



His Day Off.

A brace of rabbits makes a pleasing contribution to the New Year's festivities.

come familiar with the voice of the wildcat and the timber wolf.

Most of the cultivated land is along the creeks and rivers. Follow the windings of these and flush a bevy in nearly every field. At the first flight they will take to the steep bluff sides and the timber, and if you are not fond of the strenuous leave them there and continue your course, content with a right and left at the first rise. You can follow the windings of the river for ten miles, flush your dozen bevs, and be only two miles from home at the end. Have your gun at ready any time you approach a bend in the river, for a jumping flock of mallards or teal is always a probability. Put hobnails in your shoes, and an extra big lunch pocket in your coat, for you will need both. You can catch some fish if you like, and see thousands more in water clear as crystal. The quail are there, and nobody will shoot them but you. They are too small a game for born mountaineer and his rifle.

Along the border line of Arkansas and Oklahoma the Frisco and the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf, wind in and out, sometimes in one state, and sometimes in the other. This is the borderland between the mountains and the prairie. Now you will find a wooded stream, and again a small prairie a mile or so in extent. The woods en-

croach upon the prairies in clumps and brushy branches. There are large fields of corn, wheat and other small grains. Of course, it is to the liking of the quail; they cannot so easily escape to heavy cover, and large bags are the rule. Here the prairies were originally covered with a rank growth of sedge, much of which still remains. The birds nest in this, roost in it, and fly to it for protection when disturbed by hawks or gunners. The shooting could hardly be easier than it is when the birds top this grass and go straight away on a level with the guns. Anywhere near Grand river the shooting is elegant. It will be necessary to ask for the shooting privilege in some instances, since the farmers are many of them from Kansas and the north, so not as cor-

dial to strangers as the native Arkansan. South of Fort Smith you get among the mountains with a wall of pine-covered hills about you whichever way you turn. This is the land of the Choctaw and his friends, who will make you welcome and see that you go away with the best possible impression of his solid black hills and winding, sunny, grass-covered valleys. A man is constitutionally wrong who could not enjoy a vacation on quail anywhere between Poteau, Oklahoma, and Paris, Texas. In addition to quail there are deer, turkeys, ducks, squirrels, wildcats and wolves, minks and otter about the rivers.

West of Grand River the M. K. & T. penetrates what was once the greatest game country

in America. This was once about the eastern range of the buffalo, and the whole region was filled with deer, antelope, elk, bears, wolves, panthers, geese, and all waterfowl, pinnated grouse, turkeys and quail. Of all these varieties of game nearly all are gone except the quail. Now and then a flock of chickens will be started, but they are rare. A few miles away from the railroad and towns, however, the quail shooting is very good. This is especially true when you happen upon some large ranch bordering a wooded stream. Fringing the heavier timber are sumach thickets, and there are always quail in them. In January shooting keep in the vicinity of the timber, where as a rule you can flush a bevy every few hundred yards. Generally the birds will fly to timber, but the timber shooting is not so difficult here as further east, being open and grassy.

Western Oklahoma has scarcely one picturesque feature. The rivers are meandering wastes of sand without banks or bluffs or valleys. The hills are a dirty white from their deposits of gypsum. There are few trees except scrub, jack oaks and shin oaks. The latter appear in the very western counties, and only reach a height of three or four feet. The water of the streams is a deep red, and minus fish, while the well



water often tastes of alkali. The houses are built square and squat to better withstand the heavy winds. Because of the drifting sand the roads are good only in wet and wintry weather. Sand fleas live out of doors in the summer and in the houses in winter. Bugs eat up the cotton and the watermelons. But the quail are there in such numbers that comparison with any other country is worthless. Take a map and trace the North and South Canadian rivers, find Oklahoma City, and from there west until well out into the Panhandle of Texas is absolutely the greatest bob-white country in the world. The quail live in the woods, in the fields, gyp hills, cañons, the gardens of the farms, and the vacant lots of the towns. A brace of dogs will readily find their thirty beves of birds day after day, and twice as many with luck and hard hunting.

The Salt Fork of the Arkansas, the Cimmaron and the Washita rivers, can make nearly as good a showing of quail as the North and South Canadian. There are quail forests along all of these rivers. A number of railroads open this great shooting ground, so look up your map and take your choice. Mine would probably fall upon the new road, the Orient. Stop off anywhere from Cherokee, Oklahoma, south. Points that I can guarantee all the shooting that even a bilious man could ask for are: Aline, Cleo, Fairview, Cantonment, Butte, Custer City, Elk City, but there are a hundred other towns just as good. You can find forty beves a day at Fay, shooting over wild Indian lands.

The Santa Fe will carry you into some peculiarly attractive quail territory in western Oklahoma and the Panhandle of Texas. This is a kaffir corn and cow country. The birds scatter out and breed all over the grass lands, but in winter their range is contracted to the wooded gulches, the shin-oak barrens and the cañons. There they are often flushed, not in beves but in huge packs containing from two to five hundred birds. One such flock will keep you shooting for a week. Shattuck, Gage, Higgins and Canadian are good points. At any of these places chickens and grouse will be found along with the quail as well as splendid goose shooting in January.

South and west of Austin, Texas, is the mesquite country. There the quail are as thick as the mesquite itself, but they have contracted some bad habits from their cousins, the Mexican quail, and become runners. If a bevy is found near the brush they will run into it without taking wing. So common is this that Texas dogs are taught to find the game as much by sight as by scent. The Texan's dog skirts the thickets, searching for them with his eyes, and when he sees a bevy run he makes his stand regardless of whether he has the scent or not. You can wear your summer outing clothes in January, however, and it is a happy fortune that takes you to Southern Texas with gun and dog. Moreover, this country is the winter home of the wildfowl and the doves. You will surely have plenty of work for your double gun, and Texans will like you better if you bring a twenty-bore in place of a twelve.

Bear in mind that the quail grounds I have mentioned in Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas are only those that I have been over myself, and I speak of them from personal experience.

#### Fall Flights.

I have had correspondents in several different states this season noting the migration of the wildfowl. From Nebraska the report comes that local bluewing teal showed a perceptible diminution in numbers after the 10th of September. September 15 the first northern flight of this bird was observed in the Panhandle of Texas, and by October they had reached the Gulf. At this writing, October 19, nearly all the bluewings have left Nebraska and the Dakotas, while they are very plentiful in Southern Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico and Old Mexico. Almost with the teal the coots or "mudhens" came in numbers greater than had been seen in Texas or Oklahoma before in years. Hard after the teal—strangely enough, for they are a bird that likes cold water—were the pintails. September 15 the "northern" mallards began to appear in western Nebraska, and with them, as usual, the greenwing teal. Twenty days later the greenheads and the greenwings had drifted on down into Texas and Oklahoma. Some widgeon and butterballs have been killed in Oklahoma and Texas. The upland



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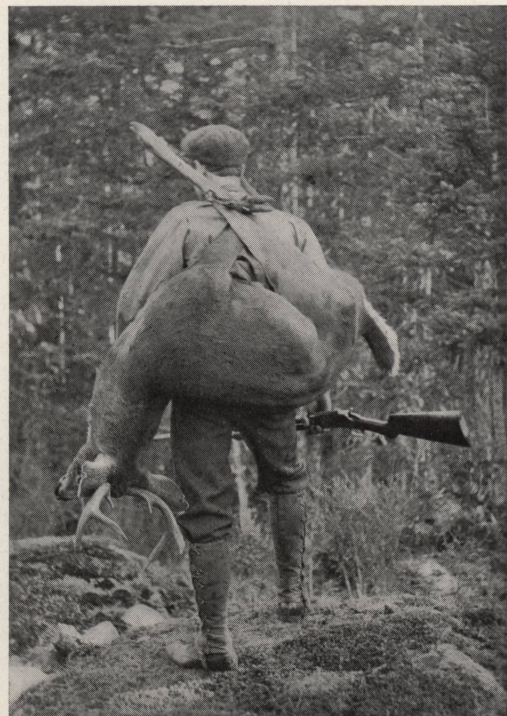
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or prairie plover had all deserted Nebraska by the first of September, the beginning of their flight reaching the Panhandle in early August. The middle of September some jack snipe could be killed in the Panhandle, and at this writing they are still very plentiful. With the cool weather the doves collected in great flocks in the Dakotas and Nebraska. They barely lingered for the preliminary white frost. These birds seem to pass over Kansas, Oklahoma and northern Texas on their first long flight. Numbers of geese and cranes are already well down into Texas, perhaps as far as the Gulf.

It need hardly be stated that, as a rule, the different varieties of wildfowl migrate at night, but when hurried by a "norther," geese travel both by day and by night. When they are seen in the daytime, however, high up, in regular formation, winging fast and silently to the south, it is a pretty certain indication that a storm is behind them. Very few people have observed doves in migration. All that is known is that they were here last week or yesterday and now they are gone. They undoubtedly travel in large flocks, because when scattered birds are left behind, they are liable to brave the weather and remain in frigid regions all winter. I have observed a few forlorn specimens wintering in northern Iowa. The robins and the blackbirds hike in the daytime, simply stringing along, feeding as they go and roosting wherever night overtakes them. Very few of these migratory birds hurry themselves, since they consume several weeks of time in crossing a stretch of country which they could negotiate in a day and a night if necessary.



The average man can pack a 150-pound deer this way and still be able to handle his gun.

### The Right Way to "Pack" a Deer.

The following method of "packing" a deer is offered by John W. Geoghegan, of Washington: After dressing the deer make an incision across the back of the knee joints of the front legs, then split the skin down the back of the legs to the dew claws, cut through the sinew back of the knees and break the point out and pull the bone of the lower leg loose from the hide down to the dew claws. Next cut a slit about an inch long through the skin back of the knee joints in the hind legs. Take one of the front feet and push the hoof through the slit in the opposite hind leg (right front through left hind, from inside to outside), pull the bone clear through and then pull back until the bone catches across the slit. Fix the other leg in same way. Then place the deer on its back (uphill, if possible) and sit down with your back to it. Put one arm between the hind legs and the other between the fore legs, give a hitch with your shoulders to bring the skin of the front legs over the shoulders, roll over on your hands and knees, get up—and there you are, with the deer on your back, as shown in the photo. The average man can easily pack a 150-lb. deer this way and still be able to handle his gun.

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A Gala Day on Lake Washington.  
Everybody looks pleased when the photographer arrives.

### Canoeing Around the Calendar.

(Continued from page 14.)

As can be seen from the old fur-buyer's story the process is long and tedious, but 'round Puget sound you will see many such boats that have been in service for more than a score of years. He omitted to speak of the characteristic lines of prow and stern which are cleverly dove-tailed on after the body of the boat has been completed. Usually the long, graceful prow terminates in a figurehead symbolical of the family god or totem of the particular tribe to which the owner of the canoe belongs. Most of those seen in and around Seattle have the reindeer totem. Sometimes the side of the boat is very elaborately painted with designs suggestive of the life of the tribe. These eccentricities of stem and stern contribute to a general seaworthiness of the craft. I have asked a number of builders and men experienced in the handling of the Indian canoes as to the practicability of the type and the feasibility of reproducing it in a lightly planked or canvas-covered boat. Almost every one who has used them to any extent speaks very highly of them. In general the smaller boats run from 16 to 20 feet, with almost a sharpie bilge, little or no deadrise, a solid bottom two inches thick, and easy entrances carried gradually back amidships where the beam varies from 2½ to 3 feet. The Indian sits on the bottom when he paddles and, when the wind favors, sticks up a handkerchief of a sail. It is astounding what they do with these apparently ticklish craft. Down off Cape Flattery I went fishing with two Indians for halibut, in an eighteen-footer. The gunwale at no time seemed to me over two inches from the water. The "boys" in charge of the wireless station on Tatoosh island, which guards the entrance to Puget sound, have equipped one of the native canoes with a 2½ h.p. motor and make trips out into the open Pacific with apparently not the slightest thought of danger. Although the smaller canoes are more commonly seen, larger ones are frequently built. In the museum at Sitka, is one which used to be paddled by a crew of fifty to sixty. In the early days it was not uncommon for the natives to make trips down the coast sometimes as far south as Mexico.

So you see, the amateur canoeist out this way gets plenty of inspiration to indulge in his favorite sport all the year round. It is no wonder that a good many of us who came to visit have remained to "boost" the country. But there are many beautiful lakes and rivers out here which never get into print.



Trying a Little Tilting.  
Plenty of "rough-and-tumble" work in this game

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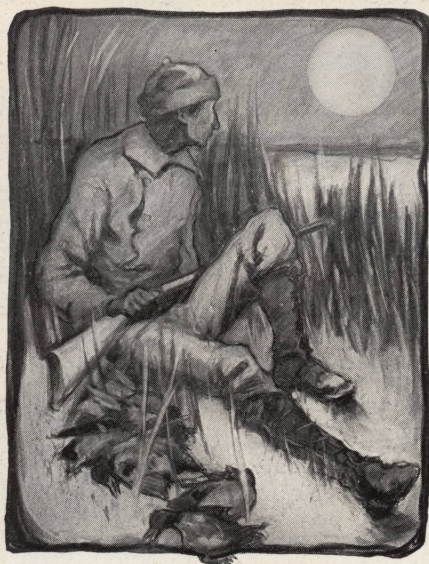
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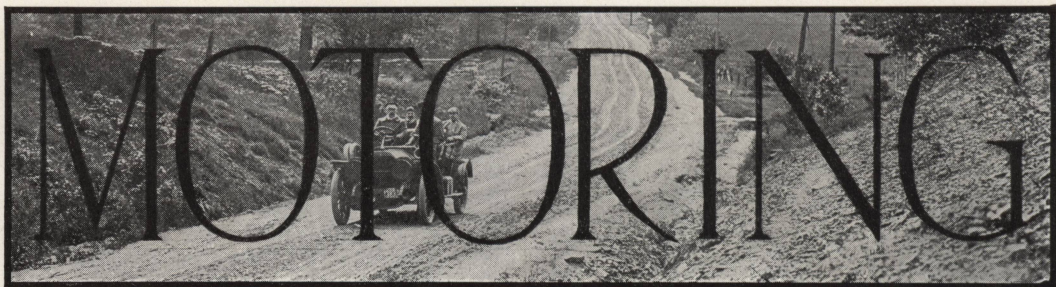


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### Using the Car in Winter.

It used to be thought impossible to use automobiles the winter through, but quite the reverse is true today. While hard service in winter may be more wearing on the car than in summer, yet the improvements and accessories which have been adopted do away pretty thoroughly with the storage problem. There are some things, however, to annoy and worry the driver. As a usual thing, a gasoline motor, when cold, is a rather hard proposition to start. The lubricating oil gums up in the cylinders and sticks the pistons, making the engine hard to turn over. Every machine used during the winter months should be fitted with a small kerosene tank, with a suitable pump, or outlet, to force a small quantity of kerosene into the cylinder, or cylinders, as the case may be, when the engine is about to be

gasoline combination will almost always insure an explosion. After the engine has started, its own heat will soo fix the temperature so that it will work all right.

The great difficulty with water-cooled motors in the winter is, of course, to prevent the water from freezing, in the event of which the circulating pipes, and even the cylinders themselves, are in great danger of being burst by the expansion of the ice. With the adoption of the air-cooled motor, this difficulty is, of course, removed. A good solution to prevent cooling water from freezing is one composed of seventy-five parts (by weight) of ordinary carbonate of potassium (salts of tartar) in 100 parts (by weight) of water, to which fifty parts (by weight) of glycerine has been added. This has been found, by actual experiment, to remain perfectly liquid at a temperature of 22° F. below zero. This solution



Prize Winner in the Savannah Grand Prize Race.

Louis Wagner, driving an Italian car, made the 402.08 miles in 6 hours, 10 minutes, 31 seconds.

started. This will cut the oil and allow the pistons to move freely, so avoiding the necessity of continuous cranking. All lubricating oil should be mixed with kerosene in cold weather, as this thins it out and allows it to feed more freely. Use generally 10 per cent of kerosene to a tank of oil.

A cold carburetor will cause difficulty in getting the motor started, particularly if the machine has been left out of doors or in an unheated shed. Very often, if the cylinders on multiple cylinder cars are each primed with gasoline, separately, through the inlet valves, it is possible to secure an explosion. If, however, this does not suffice, a good method is to take one or more spark plugs and heat the ends of them, above the threads that screw into the explosion chambers. This is done by holding the plug over a gas jet, or, if there is no gas handy, by soaking a piece of waste with gasoline and using the heat so generated. Care should be exercised not to melt off the spark plug points. After the heated plugs have been inserted, the cylinders should be primed again with gasoline, if there is a device on the machine for that purpose, or, if not, by squirting gasoline in the inlet valves and letting it work into the cylinders. The hot plug and

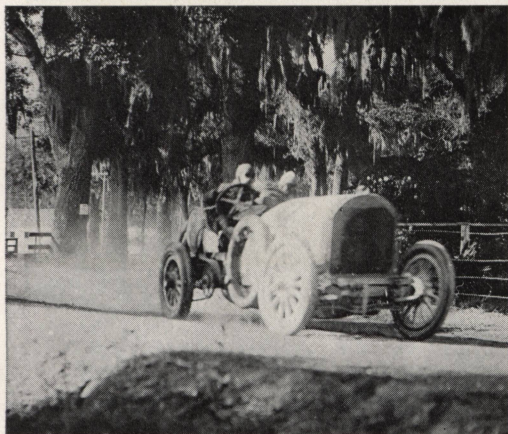
should be permanent, even under the alternating heating and cooling that will occur, as the ingredients used do not react on metals or on each other.

The question of traction is also a highly important one in winter. On icy asphalt, heavy rope, bound around the rear wheels, gives a fair hold and driving power. Chains, on the rear tires, are even better than this, and are generally used. Every machine used in winter should be fitted with a sprag that can easily be lowered from the driver's seat, to prevent the car from slipping backwards down grades or hills.

### Getting Acquainted With the Engine.

Overheating of the engine, when not traced to poor circulation, is almost always caused by too much gasoline. There are, however, many possible causes of over rich mixture, some of which on the face of them might seem rather to be causes of lean mixture rather than rich. Prominent among these latter is too low a gasoline level in the float chamber due to the float valve closing too soon. The immediate effect of this is to make the mixture too lean at starting and at low speeds. Starting is therefore difficult, and if the





Hemery, in a German Car, Second.  
Only 56 seconds behind the winner.

auxiliary air valve begins to open at the usual motor speed the mixture will again be much too lean. These symptoms, however, unless properly interpreted will probably lead the owner to increase the gasoline supply, or to adjust the spring tension of the auxiliary valve so that the latter will not open until quite high speed is attained. In other words he adjusts to give a suitable mixture at one speed and at other speeds the mixture is extravagantly over rich. It is well not to be too easily satisfied with the carbureter's performance, as it may be found that one fault such as the above has been imperfectly offset by another fault in the other direction instead of the correct adjustment being made where the fault really lies. A good carbureter will give a sensibly correct mixture at all speeds within the ordinary range of the engine. If it fails to do this the thing to do is to investigate until the trouble is found.

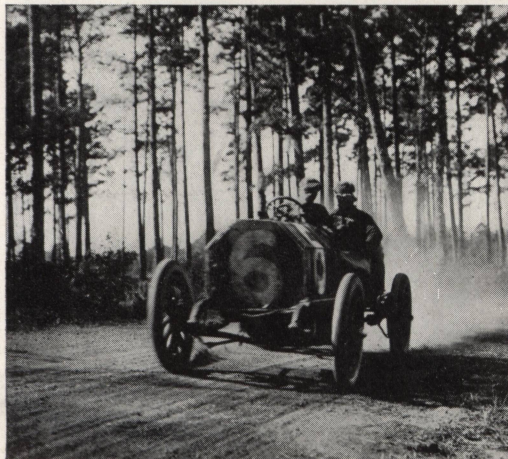
When the motor gets lazy it is high time to look for the cause. It may be for no great reason, but lack of lubricating oil in the crankcase is a serious matter and oftentimes it is just this absence of oil that is at the seat of the trouble.

If the matter is not attended to on time and the motor stalls, it will be well to "crank" until the bearings cool down. If the bearings are allowed to "freeze" the trouble—for a road problem—will be beyond the ingenuity of the average autoist.

Sometimes it is kerosene oil—put into the cylinders—that seeps back into the crankcase, and kills the lubricating qualities of the crankcase lubricant. In such an event to drain off the oil and replace it with a fresh supply is the natural thing to do.

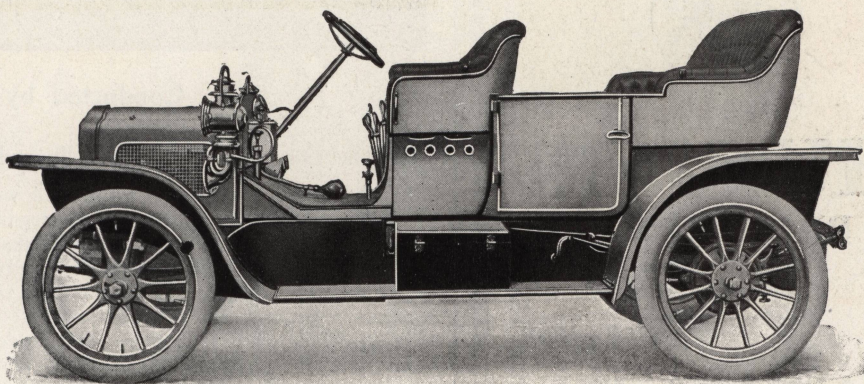
#### Autos in the Fire Department.

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Nazzaro, in an Italian Car, Third.  
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To summarize the features of our new Model "O" car—it is noiseless, odorless, smokeless and absolutely free from vibration. All speeds from zero to maximum are obtained by throttle control alone. The speed of the car responds instantly to the throttle; the engine can never be stalled. The directions for driving are summed up in the phrase, "Just open the throttle and steer." It starts from the seat—"no cranking." It is the ideal moderate priced machine. It is the best for the man who wishes to drive and take care of his own car. It is a result of our nine years of experience in building the White Steam Car—the only machine which finds a ready market in every portion of the globe.

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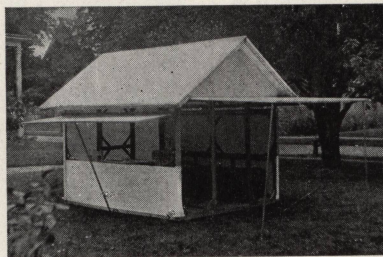
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Conducted by F. FREEMAN LLOYD.

### The Borzoi, or Russian Wolfhound.

In the borzoi or Russian wolfhound we have, possibly, the most distinguished and elegant-looking dog of the day. He is magnificence itself, and assuredly he is an extremely useful dog, and one, too, that has shewn the best of sport for many generations of men and women of high position, who, it can be well understood, would not put up with half methods and petti-fogging pastimes. "Borzoi" means "swift and hot-headed," and might equally well be applied to any high-strung animal of the greyhound kind, or to the thoroughbred or blood horse. That the Russian wolfhound is full of the highest mettle, all will have recognized who have kept him, for he is extremely keen, always on the look out; and he is one, moreover, that runs to kill. He is always there with his long jaws and strong teeth, and it is this single qualification among the many that makes the Russian such a favorite dog among prairie coursers of the West and Northwest of America as a cross with their deerhounds or greyhound-deerhounds.

It is the great speed (not quite so fast as the greyhound, however) and his tackling and holding power that distinguishes the Russian wolfhound from any other dog of the speedy hound kind. A wolf runs straight away; when pressed he does not turn like a hare or jack rabbit—he sails along for the next piece of cover that shall unsight his pursuers and give him the refuge that will enable him to bamboozle his enemies. For dogs hate him like we do a cannibal of our kind. The staying powers of the borzoi I have heard questioned. It would seem curious considering the great depth of their bodies, the wonderful heart and lung room and the peculiar length of their hind-quarters, that this should be so. But the alleged lack of stamina must be only used in the comparative sense if his lack of being able to last as long as a greyhound can only be spoken of when he is sent on his

course with a good greyhound, which dog, however, is of not so much use when he gets up with the quarry. It is generally considered that a wolf given a start of 200 yards will be overtaken by the borzoi in another 600 yards, so there is not much against the Russian dog unless the coverts be very close together, and the coursing is "snap" work. Crosses from the borzoi and greyhound and deerhound are to be found, generally, in those places where dogs are kept for the sole purpose of running down coyotes. In Manitoba our friends the wheatgrowers and sometimes the sheepowners are loud in their praises of the Russian cross, for the progeny they say are very proficient as tacklers and will hold on to anything once they close their jaws. And very elegant dogs the borzoi produces when put to a greyhound, a deerhound and the greyhound-deerhound. The length and fineness of the head, the power and capacity of jaw, the strong loins, the deep girth and depth of ribs, and the long hams of the Russian become pronounced in his get, whatever may happen to be the dam. Then the keenness of his heart is there, as is the quickness of his eye, and sharp hearing powers. Altogether, the borzoi has been utilized a very great deal by our practical sportsmen of the Northwest, and hundreds of these dogs are going West every year, to in time leave their marks in the way of progeny. Thus in ten years to come this distinctly handsome and wolf-killing breed will be general in the great grazing and grain-growing lands.

The Russians have tried all breeds of the running kinds for wolf-coursing. The speedy greyhound, good and honest as he is with his teeth, was not strong enough, and not all a throat or neck dog; the Scottish deerhound, they aver, will not hold on to his game long enough. The knack of tackling behind the ear seems born in the Russian breed, and observers will tell you that this is the manner in which puppies generally play—taking hold of one another at the back



Two American-bred Borzoi, or Russian Wolfhounds.  
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Showing the size of the Borzoi, or Russian Wolfhound, compared with that of the British Greyhound.

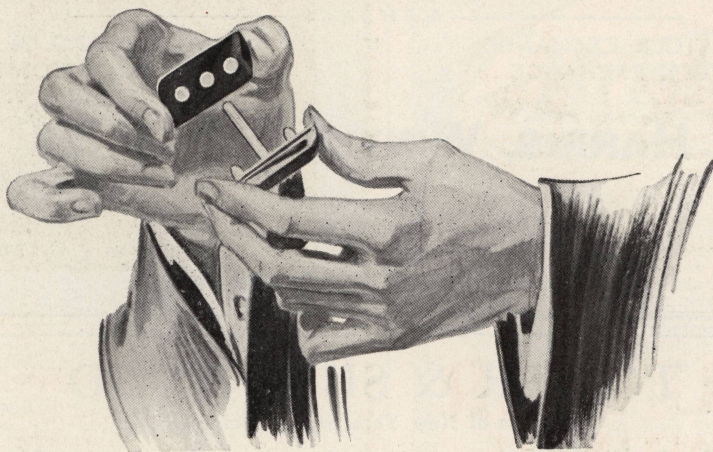
of the head, and not fighting for paws and hind-quarters as is generally the case among other dogs, especially terriers. The great grip and jaw of the borzoi seem to predominate in them, and these qualities commend them to the hunter. It might be said, too, that the Russian dog has been used in Australia, in New South Wales and Victoria, in particular, to cross with deerhounds to bring about a dog that would take the dingo by the throat. The cross was successful and in another few years we might hear of "Dingo Killers" as a distinct and separate variety of dog. And there could be worse breeds with less claim to purity of blood and lineage!

The color of the show borzoi is white with fawn, lemon, or grey markings. Teams of working hounds are kept of a whole or self-color, some being fawn or red with dark muzzles and others black with white and tan. A wholly white dog is considered very beautiful in Russia. Such a borzoi in full coat is a sight not easily forgotten. When he stands about all 30 in. fair measurement at the shoulder and is sound, he is, indeed, a king among dogs.

Although the Russian wolfhound is hot-headed, as his name denotes, he is a dog of considerable sense. He makes a splendid companion, but must be corrected at the outset if he takes too much notice of a cat or a small dog. For it is their nature to run down small things. Once checked, however, he becomes a dog that can be fairly trusted, excepting under embarrassing circumstances, when his old wild self will get the better hand of the cityized dog. Consequently it is well to be careful. So keen and enquiring is the sight of the Russian wolfhound, that I have observed him to disbelieve his own eyes. He had noticed the face of the bronze bust of an Italian celebrity in Central Park, New York, and half skulked away from it, frightened yet daring it with low, wicked growls. He'd never seen a giant half-man like that before, with a pedestal for body, legs and feet. Yet that dog knew the face was the image of a man, which, it is thought, demonstrated a wonderful keenness and fineness of perception.

Borzoi are used in Russia for coursing anything that will run and show justifiable sport. The turn-out on a hunting morning is a very pretty spectacle, for all the riders are well mounted on that stamp of hunter that finds preference in Great Britain. They are big, deep-bodied horses, with clean legs and quality heads. They are up to any weight, as the saying goes.

The plan of hunting the wolf is to throw a pack of foxhounds into a cover—a reed swamp or bed is favorite lying for the animal to be hunted. Previously to drawing, a chasseur is placed in hiding with three borzoi, at a vantage point, where an old wolf is likely to break. For the old ones make the best of their way for a further off covert, before the young ones. Men with hand rattles constantly in use will keep a wolf from breaking cover, and these men properly stationed can drive the now moving game to face the open at a given spot. The larger the kennel the more trios or leashes of borzoi are placed in position. When dogs take the wolf and hold him, the chasseur first up to the rough and tumble, jumps astride the beast and holds him by the ears while another muzzles or dis-



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patches the unhappy creature. Wolves thus caught are kept for home coursing or zoological collections.

The borzoi is likewise used on hares, and it stands to reason that the smaller ones are the better for this work; they are more active and can turn better with their game; as a rule the borzoi is clumsy in this important phase of the sport of the leash, as compared with the greyhound; he is wide at his turns, and cannot handle the fur like the keen and clever greyhound that will stick to his hare in all her maneuvers once she has been wrenched or turned.

Altogether, then, we have in the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, pretty well the height of beauty and the blessing of usefulness. We know him to be a dog of high lineage and of that invincible courage that comes from his ancestors, which were coursers and killers before him. We are likewise aware that as Russia has profited from the introduction of horses and gun dogs from other countries, so have those nations become the richer in their kennel ownerships by possessing themselves of the long dogs of the nobles and sportsmen of the dominions of the Tzar. America is particularly well-off with the very best and choicest blood on which the Russian Empire prides itself. What is more: on the continent of North America the borzoi is kept for something else than to look upon, superbly handsome though he be. He is retained for the work of the wolfhound; and from his loins are being developed crosses that shall be of lasting benefit to farmers, ranchers, hunters, and all men who take a pride in the make and shape of their dogs and the completeness and finish of the task that those dogs are called upon to perform.

In 1889 "The Russian Imperial Society for the Encouragement of Sport" gave out the following description of the borzoi:—

**Head.**—Generally lean throughout, with flat, narrow skull, leading over a hardly perceptible stop to a long snout. The head from forehead to end of nose, should be so fine and lean that the shape and direction of the bone and principal veins can be easily seen.

**Nose.**—Black.

**Eyes.**—Dark, expressive, oblong, almond-shaped.

**Ears.**—Small, but not quite round at the tips, not lengthy, set on high, and with the tips when thrown back almost touching behind the occiput.

**Neck.**—Not swan-like, though not short or rising straight up from the withers.

**Shoulders.**—Clean.

**Chest.**—Somewhat narrow but not hollow.

**Back.**—Rather bony and free from any cavity in the spinal cord (as, for example, is often seen in English greyhounds), with a well-marked arch in the male, but level and broad in the female.

**Loins.**—Broad and drooping.

**Ribs.**—On no account round like a barrel, but flat like a fish, deep, reaching to the elbow and even lower.

**Groin.**—In the male short, in the female roomy.

**Fore-legs.**—Lean and straight. Seen from the front they should be narrow, and from the side broad at the shoulder and narrowing gradually down to the foot.

**Hind-legs.**—Should be the least thing under the body when standing still, not straight, and the stifle only slightly bent, and the hind legs not too far apart from one another. Free from dewclaws.

**Muscles.**—Those of the hind-quarters, shoulder, and chest should be long and not convex.

**Pasterns.**—Sharp.

**Feet.**—Long toes, closely joined together, short and strong nails, and the animal should stand more on the nails than on the heel.

**Coat.**—Soft, long, silky, and wavy, and in places somewhat curly. The feet should be covered with a fur like a hare.

**Tail.**—Long and sickle-shaped. The male should in general be shorter in body than the female. It should be possible to place the male in a square, so that the withers, toe of forefeet, and the heels of hind legs should be placed between the limits of the four lines forming it.

A rough and ready way to calculate the height and weight of a borzoi in good condition, would be to reckon that a dog of 30 in. should weigh 100 lbs.

Height of dogs from 28 in., bitches 26 in. Weight from 70 lbs. Some dogs stand over 31 in. at the shoulder, and these should weigh from 105 lbs. up.





Conducted by SAMUEL G. CAMP.

### Fishing Kits and Equipment.

#### Chapter IV.

TACKLE FOR TROUT FLY-FISHING, *Continued.*  
REELS, LINES AND LEADERS.

The choice of the reel and line for trout fly-fishing is a matter of no difficulty whatever; of so little difficulty, in fact, that not one angler in twenty uses the proper kind of reel or the right sort of line. All tackle for fly-fishing is highly specialized; and, while it is true that if you know what you want proper selection is easy, it is equally true that, since by far the greater part of the immense variety of tackle is wholly unsuited to fly-casting, it is very easy to make mistakes. Fly-casting as it should be done can be done only with the proper tools; and one of them is

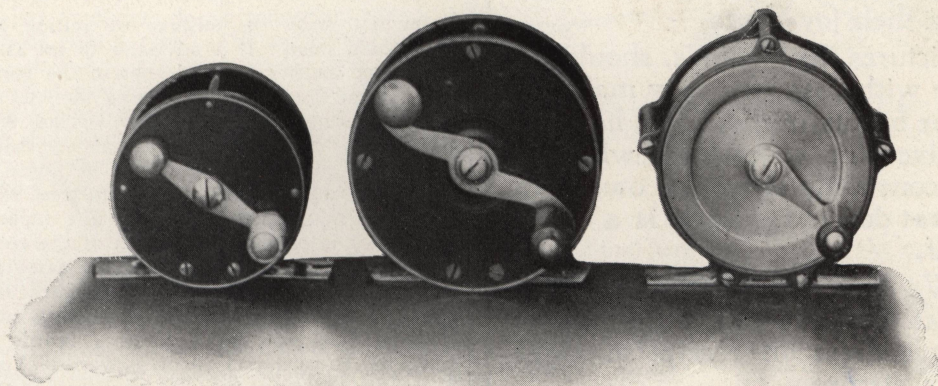
#### THE SINGLE-ACTION CLICK REEL.

Just why the single-action click reel is the only satisfactory implement for the fly-casting can, as regards its chief claim for precedence, be stated with brevity. It is because the single-action reel

equal grade would cost. So for trout-fishing the selection of the reel is not a question of what sort of reel but, rather, what sort of single-action click reel.

#### HOW THE REEL IS MADE.

In construction the single-action reel is simplicity itself, and the variation in different makes of reels is slight and not worthy of comment. Briefly, the reel consists of the spool which revolves within the side plates, the motive power being supplied by the handle which is attached to one end of the spool shaft; and at the other end of the spool shaft is a small cog-wheel, or spur-wheel, which connects with a small wedge-shaped piece of metal, the "pawl," the latter working on a pivot within a circular steel wire spring. The pawl and pawl spring are fixed to the side plate and these in connection with the spur-wheel supply the entire click mechanism. The click should be strong, and "the song of the reel" fine and clear, with a metallic ring which denotes good material—well tempered steel.



#### Single-Action Click Reels.

For use in fly-casting for trout and bass.

does not have an outstanding "balance handle" upon which, continually and with devilish insistence, the line is bound to catch. The stream fly-fisherman who has to contend with the innumerable natural difficulties of the river—thick brush, slippery rocks, overhanging trees that lie in wait for careless back-casts—can ill afford to utilize a tool which by its very nature is calculated to increase his troubles; and every form of multiplying reel, since its gearing necessitates the outstanding balance handle, is a first-class trouble-maker for the fly-caster. The very general custom among expert anglers, when fly-fishing, of manipulating the line with the hand not occupied with the rod, grasping the line between the reel and the hand-guide, and thus playing-out and retrieving the line both in casting and playing a trout, using the reel only when there is too much slack, renders the reel a little more than a mere line-holder. And even when the reel is used when landing a fish the multiplying machinery is not necessary, indeed, is dangerous, since the tendency is to "haul in" the trout. The single-action reel is equal to every trout-fishing emergency.

In addition to its freedom from line-fouling the single-action has also the advantage in weight over the multipliers, as a result of which the light fly-rod balances better. Another argument for the single-action is its simplicity and consequently its lesser tendency to get out of order and greater ability to withstand the sometimes unavoidable hard knocks and abuse which a reel receives in stream fishing. And still another favorable thing is the price. A very fine single-action reel can be procured for a third of what a multiplier of

See that the spool is narrow so that when reeling in the line will build up rapidly, thus making the retrieve faster.

#### PROTECTING BAND.

The reel should be made with an ample "protecting band" around the edge of the side plate on the handle side of the reel, within which band the reel handle revolves. It is the protecting band which makes the single-action reel free from line-fouling—the important thing. If the protecting band is made with sufficient projection it makes little difference whether the reel handle is "balanced" or not. Personally, I think the balance handle gives the reel a more finished appearance. Another form of single-action reel construction, known as the English style, does away with both protecting band and reel handle proper. In this form of reel a disk revolving within the side plate is attached directly to the reel shaft, and the reel handle is simply a small knob, preferably slightly tapered outward, fixed to the disk. In a good many ways this is the best sort of reel for fly-fishing.

#### MATERIALS.

As regards materials, reels may be had of nickel-plated brass, German silver, hard rubber, hard rubber and nickel, hard rubber and German silver and, also, of aluminum. Choose either a reel of entire German silver or one of hard rubber with protecting band, spool and handle of German silver. Nicked reels do not give continued satisfaction, since the plating wears off and the reel takes on a generally tough appearance. Reels

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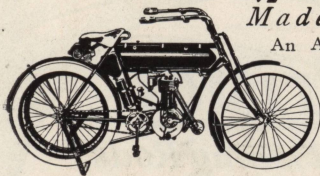
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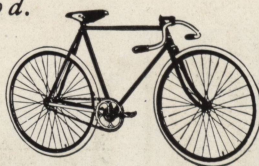
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of hard rubber only, with no metal protecting bands about the reel plates, are very light and good reels, but they are emphatically not to be recommended because of their great liability to breakage. It is simply a matter of dropping the rod-butt on a rock—and getting a new reel. Aluminum reels are not to be recommended for about the same reason; the metal is apt to be too soft. A reel of solid German silver is rather an expensive tool, but reels of this sort are certainly fine ones. The metal is hard, long-lasting and clean; the reels made from it have a very fine appearance. The reel of hard rubber, with German silver protecting bands around the edges of both reel-plates, is, on the whole, the reel which can most unreservedly be advised. The cost is not excessive; the reel looks well and wears well; it is strong enough to stand some pretty hard knocks; it is light, and, in the various sizes, can be procured to nicely balance the fly-rods of any length and weight.

If economy is an object it may be said that the reel of hard rubber, with nicked bands, is the best. In a good many instances the mechanism of these reels is of the same good quality as that furnished in rubber and German silver. In some cases the reels are, in fact, the same; the only difference being in the German silver and nickel; this, of course, as regards the product of any one manufacturer and the best rubber and nickel reel of that manufacturer. In the make-up of these reels there is enough rubber to partly take away the curse of the nickel, and it is a good plan to have one of these reels if only for a "reserve" reel. When outfitting for an extended fishing trip be sure that a reserve reel is in the kit. If your regular reel is broken or lost, either of which things can easily happen in the woods, the extra reel will come in pretty handy.

### SIZE.

Do not make the mistake of getting a reel that is too small. It is advisable to get as much retrieving speed as possible out of the reel, and this can be done by, first, having the reel spool, as above suggested, rather narrow, and, second, having the reel of sufficient size so that you can wind on a score of linen or some other cheap line which builds up on the reel to such an extent that, when the casting line (spliced to linen line) is reached, the barrel of the reel will be large enough to take up considerable line at each revolution. Either the 100-yard size or the 80-yard size will be right, nothing smaller. The 100-yard reel holds about 40 yards of F line; the 80-yard reel about 35 yards. You see that when the expression "80-yard reel" is applied to the single-action it does not mean exactly that. Ordinarily you will probably not use over 25 yards of "level" line, either E or F. But if, sometime, you desired to use 50 yards of level E line, or 40 yards of "tapered" E line, and in the case of most anglers such a contingency is not at all remote, if your reel happened to be one of the smaller sizes you would be put to the extra expense of a new reel. On a whole the 100-yard size is the best. This reel will hold all the line you will ever need in trout fly-fishing and, when using the customary 25 yards of level E or F line, it allows a good-sized core of other line to be wound on the spool for the purpose explained above. But if you have a very light rod use a smaller reel to obtain proper balance.

### POSITION OF REEL ON ROD.

The position of the single-action reel on the trout fly-rod, as every old-hand knows, is underneath the rod with the handle to the right, if you are right-handed. If you aspire to an honorable status in the most ancient and honorable fraternity of fly-casters, and for numerous other weighty reasons, take due notice. The proper way to use the reel in fly-casting is, as suggested above, to use it as little as possible. Learn how to work the line with the left hand both in casting and landing a trout. The "shooting" of the line through the guides at the end of the cast, whereby tournament casters make such remarkable distance casts and the stream fly-fisherman may drop his flies in a desirable spot quite beyond the reach of the one-handed fly-caster, is founded entirely on the caster's ability to use in this way the hand not occupied with the rod. All of which is preparatory to the statement that only with the reel underneath the rod is this method practicable.



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SOME GOOD REELS.

As to how much you will have to pay for a good single-action reel, it may be said that their prices vary from say, \$3.50 to \$10.00; you can pay more if you like and, also, less; good reels of hard rubber and nickel may be had for \$1.75 in the 100-yard size. In the same size a reel of hard rubber and German silver, depending upon the maker, costs from \$3.50 to \$6.00. The regulation hard rubber reel with bands of either German silver or nickel is furnished in pretty nearly the same style by all manufacturers, and individual reels of this sort need not here be noted. Two of the many good reels which are worthy of special notice are described as follows: The first is made with German silver sides and spool and bronze frame; the reel with side-plates 2½ inches in diameter weighs 4½ ounces and carries 40 yards of E enameled line; the handle is not "balanced"—a fault or a merit, suit yourself—and the reel has an ample protecting band. Bronze is much used in English reels. This reel costs \$8.50 and is worth it. The other is a solid metal reel of German silver with aluminum spool. It is of the "protecting band" style and has a balance handle. It is a strong, durable reel, and a very handsome one. Its capacity is about the same as that of the first; but it costs more—\$10.00. For a very light reel, cheap in price and still a good enough reel, the "Featherlight" should be noted. Although made very light, it is fairly strong. This reel is of the "revolving disk" order, the English style; and they differ from the ordinary reel enough to preclude description here. They cost about \$1.50.

Then there are the English style reels with revolving-disk handle. Almost every tackle dealer furnishes reels of this sort in various grades. The best one known to the writer, all things considered, is an imported reel known as the Malloch. In the 2½-inch size it costs \$5.50.

In the matter of how to take care of the reel it seems better to discuss this in connection with the multiplying casting reels. The mechanism of the single-action click reel is so simple, and the work it is called upon to do usually so very slight, that the reel requires little care to keep it in good shape—and that is the reason why there is no excuse for not keeping it in good shape. A leather reel case should be procured and, also, used.

The Revival in Rowing at Princeton.

(Continued from page 23.)

Lake Carnegie, it was natural for the old graduates and undergraduates to begin talking of crew representation, and especially class regattas, and in March, 1907, when Mr. Titus, secured automobiles and transferred from his old boat house, the Nonpareil, on the Harlem, several of his single scull shells and later launched one of them in Lake Carnegie for a personal exhibition, the collegians ashore viewed with enthusiasm and pride the initial shell flash by. The veteran sculler's style afloat is superb, and that night the collegians, intoxicated with the memory of the afternoon's successful exhibition, took the rowing fever so bad that they have worked like Trojans night and day since in reviving the old spark of Princeton's rowing power.

During last fall practice was had on the lake every available afternoon, excepting, of course, the Sabbath. Early in November Coach Titus had the first varsity, second varsity, and freshman crews broken up and put into class eights and fours, making with the substitutes four eights and a similar number of fours. With the holding of the inter-class regatta, November 13, the first varsity crew was picked, and much is expected from this collection of giants in any open races which Princeton may participate in the coming summer. All of the varsity eight practically came from the sophomore boat. The men will work on the gymnasium machines until the mid-year examinations, when preparations will be begun for returning to the open on the lake.

The following have been picked as a varsity crew to row match races against rival college crews in the spring:

Position and Names. Class.	Age.	Height.	Wgt.
Stroke—R. T. Roche, Soph.....	19	5.10½	152
No. 7—P. A. Ransome, Soph.....	20	6.01	170
No. 6—R. H. Smith, Soph.....	19	6.01	168
No. 5—R. Robbins, Soph.....	19	6	165
No. 4—L. Howard, Jr., Senior....	20	5.11¾	165
No. 3—E. B. Whitman, Junior....	20	6	173
No. 2—R. R. Livingston, Junior....	20	5.11	179
Bow—N. Armour, Senior.....	21	5.11	162
Coxswain—M. A. Lewis, Soph.....	19	5.04½	108

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# RECREATION

PUBLISHED BY

**THE OUTDOOR NEWS COMPANY**

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**TO SUBSCRIBERS.**—The date of the expiration of your subscription will be found as a part of the address printed on the wrapper each month. Notice of expiration is also sent just after the last copy is mailed. It is requested that renewals be sent in promptly, in order that no copies may be missed. Make all checks or money orders payable to the Outdoor News Company.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS.**—The wrappers for RECREATION are printed on the 10th of the month preceding date of issue and change of address must be received before that date in order to insure delivery of the magazine to the new address.

**TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—RECREATION is always pleased to examine manuscripts and photographs, but contributions, whether text or pictures, must be accompanied by return postage if their return is desired in case of non-acceptance. Otherwise they will be preserved for 30 days and then destroyed.

## Around Our Camp-Fire.

**EMERSON HOUGH**, who swung in o fame with "The Mississippi Bubble," and who today is wielding as forceful a pen as any writer living, is at present in the great sunken lands district of eastern Arkansas and western Tennessee. RECREATION requested, or rather invited, Mr. Hough to go down into that quaintly picturesque region and bring back a story. You can easily imagine what sort of a story it will be. Every sportsman familiar with Mr. Hough's writing will wish him a good time—plenty of good duck shooting, and the weather that best pleases him. Mr. Hough is a sportsman from top to toe, and it is to his credit that he has never turned out an inferior article or faulty story.

The leading feature of RECREATION for February will be a superbly illustrated article by Charles M. Whitney on photographing wild deer and moose by daylight. Mr. Whitney has been very successful in this profitable pastime, and as all of our readers are interested in big game, and a great many in photography also, his conclusions, both in the way of pictures and of text, are bound to arouse unusual interest.

The second article in RECREATION's Constructive Series will also appear in the February number. "The Recreation Housetent," by H. D. Hemenway, will be even more practical than "The Recreation Houseboat," which is published in the present issue. By detailed description and consecutive photographs made while the tent was being constructed Mr. Hemenway will tell how to make a similar tent—any size you desire. It is an inexpensive tent, easily made and all in all a model of excellence. The article is gotten up in such a way that anyone at all handy with tools can go right to work, and is in line with this magazine's policy of offering definite, practical help to its readers.

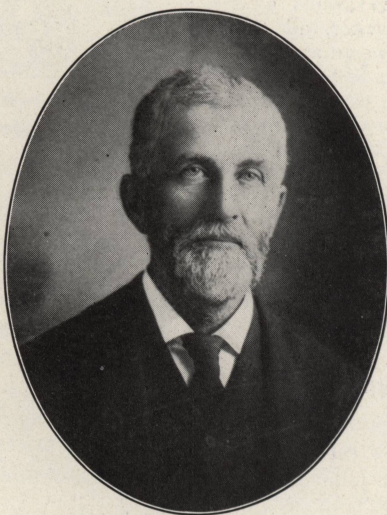
Charles Frederick Holder has come forward with another story for the delectation of trout fishermen—"The River of Feathers"—illustrated with telling photographs. Of this magnificent trout stream in the Sierra Nevada Mr. Holder writes: "The River of Feathers appears very large on the map, but when you climb out of Humboldt valley and through the big pines, and look down on Big Meadows the fair river is really very small. But then the trout are very large, and again, what pleasure to the angler is there in a Mississippi or an Orinoco? You could not cast half way across, and if you did, catfish, not trout, would be your reward."

A southern flavor will be given RECREATION for February by three distinctly southern articles. C. M. Sandusky gives an up-to-date report on where to go for shooting in Florida, E. Dana Johnson tells of sport incident to a quest for a Nicaragua gold mine, and J. C. Sullivan describes a delightful 300-mile cruise in Florida waters.

For big game hunters there will be an article of timely interest, by G. M. Richards, who writes on hunting bighorn mountain sheep, giving much practical information. And besides the stories and articles mentioned above there will be others

just as interesting, with the seal of the Open stamped conspicuously upon them. There will also be a composite double page half-tone of "human interest" scenes in a Minnesota logging camp, from photographs made by H. A. Bliler.

The coming spring and summer RECREATION will be better equipped than ever before to give help to those who are puzzling over the summer home and summer vacation problems. First of all, a well-known architect is now at work making plans for three inexpensive bungalows, built along special lines for the recreationist, which he will thoroughly describe in early numbers of RECREATION. This institution has planned to sell the working blue-prints for these bungalows at



**T. S. Van Dyke.**

Author of "The Day of the Antelope," which appears in the present number.

a small figure to any one who decides to build one. This will be a splendid opportunity not only for individuals, but for clubs as well. The cost of building these houses will vary with location, etc., but the architect's figures for the three will be \$750, \$1,000 and \$1,500 respectively. We will in no way try to distort the facts and deceive the reader in this matter. Our aim is to help the man of moderate means get a home in the country, and *save him money*.

Then there will be a very practical article by Warwick S. Carpenter on building a log cabin. Plans and specifications will accompany this article, which will also be thoroughly illustrated with photographs. Many different styles of cabins will be discussed, from the shack which

costs merely the labor to the pretentious, commodious camp. Throughout the summer other articles on cottages and camps will appear from time to time.

Those who availed themselves of the services of RECREATION's Information Bureau during the past year will find that the Bureau is today better able to supply them helpful information than ever before. We have kept this department thoroughly up-to-date and reliable, and are proud of the work it is doing. If there is anything that is puzzling or worrying you in relation to a trip or outfitting or anything which is a factor in your outdoor life, write to the Information Bureau, which will be glad to help you out. The Bureau is a co-operative department of this institution, and its sources of definite information are simply unlimited.

If you chance to be a casual newsstand buyer of RECREATION we wish to call your attention to the fact that if you subscribe *now* you will receive the magazine one year for the modest sum of \$2.00. As the regular yearly rate after February 15 will be \$3.00, you will save \$1.00 by subscribing now. Make it two years and save \$2.00. Don't put it off. If you are a faithful devotee of some outdoor sport you will not want to miss a single number. And you need not be a specialist in any one branch to obtain help and inspiration from RECREATION's pages. RECREATION will bring the woods and waters a little nearer, and make all outdoors a closer friend to you. It will carry to you, monthly, a treasure-trove of information and entertainment.



# RECREATION for 1909

## *Just a Few of the Good Things that Are Coming*

**DURING THE COMING YEAR RECREATION WILL CONTAIN MANY NOTABLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE LITERATURE OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS. EVERY NUMBER WILL RADIATE SINCERITY, GENUINENESS, INFORMATION AND BRIGHTNESS, EVERY NUMBER WILL BE NEW AND INSPIRING.**

### **Emerson Hough in the Sunken Lands**

When this appears in print Emerson Hough will be traveling in the great sunken land of eastern Arkansas, western Tennessee and Mississippi, whose history dates back to the terrible earthquake of 1812. Mr. Hough, of all writers, is best fitted to write the history of this little known land, and he has gone down into the great lowlands at the solicitation of RECREATION, to gather additional material for an article which he is to write for publication in this magazine. It will be illustrated from photographs made on the spot by Mr. Hough.

### **Ernest Russell's "Nature Studies"**

We know of no other writer who can "touch off" the American recreationist so aptly, so whimsically, and with so rare a combination of gentle satire, pure wit and good Yankee humor as can Ernest Russell. His "When the Water Gets Warm" will be remembered and treasured and re-read through many seasons of both warm and cold water, and his "The Recreations of a Mill Village" will be equally well received. Both of these papers were written at the solicitation of RECREATION, and will be illustrated from photographs made expressly for this magazine by Mr. Russell and W. H. Wallace.

### **Recreation's Constructive Series**

If you are interested in how to build a houseboat, a house tent, an inexpensive bungalow or a log cabin, you can get all the information you will want to equip you to go ahead and build in the early numbers of RECREATION for 1909. Sullivan W. Jones, the practical man of one of the most important firms of architects in New York, is at work on the plans for three different bungalows, that can be built at a total expense of from \$750 to \$1,500. He will write two intensely practical articles, telling everything, giving exactly the same advice as if these three bungalows were being built under his personal direction. These articles will be accompanied by the usual plans, sketches and elevations, estimates and all the necessary data to explain

fully how to proceed. Then, if you want to build one of these RECREATION bungalows, RECREATION will sell you the working blueprints, which are accompanied by complete itemized lists of materials, for a very nominal sum.

Robert O'Connor's article on how to build a RECREATION houseboat and H. D. Hemenway's article on how to build a RECREATION house tent, will be equally practical, and illustrated from plans and photographs made especially for RECREATION. Warwick Carpenter's article on how to build a log cabin or a lean-to will of course be confined to the building of simple and inexpensive structures, but nevertheless it will be accompanied by a series of excellent photographs of a variety of log houses of more pretentious design, to enable the prospective builder to elaborate upon the plans as he may see fit.

Another interesting and helpful article will be by Edward Breck, telling how he built his cabin on the Liverpool waters in Nova Scotia. This has to do with a cozy but inexpensive house built of rough spruce lumber direct from the sawmill, finished off inside by a backwoods carpenter who had not forgotten how to use a plane and drawknife. The editor of RECREATION inspected this cabin, and corroborated all that Dr. Breck will say about it. The article will be accompanied by lists of lumber, sash, doors, bricks for the chimney and fireplace, etc., so that any practical jack-carpenter can reproduce it in duplicate.

### **Other Features Too Numerous To Detail**

Of course it is impossible to schedule the contents of a magazine for many months in advance, if it is the purpose of the publisher and his editors to improve each succeeding number in every way possible. Plans must be revised over and over again to make room for the addition of new and valuable features as they are constantly being worked into the scheme of the magazine; there must always be room for growth. And so it is feasible to announce only a limited number of even the contributions that are laid out for early publication.

Among photographers who will make important contributions to RECREATION during 1909, both of photographs and text, are Hon. George Shiras, 3rd, C. M. Whitney, W. H.

Wallace, H. A. Bliler and L. W. Brownell. Mr. Whitney's article, "Photographing Big Game as a Recreation," will be the leading feature of the February number.

Among those who will contribute articles on hunting are G. M. Richards (bighorn sheep), C. Emerson Brown (caribou, deer), Charles Askins (quail), P. M. Cushing (ducks and brant), C. H. Morton (snipe), Edward Cave (ducks, moose, caribou), F. Freeman Lloyd (prairie chickens), C. M. Sandusky (quail, ducks, deer), Herbert Reeder (ducks), T. S. Van Dyke (deer), Edwin L. Sabin (sage hen), C. J. Ellis (squirrels). Mrs. Adolph Topperwein will contribute an article on the subject of shooting as a sport for women.

On the general subject of fishing, among early contributors will be Charles Frederick Holder (trout), Douglas W. Clinch (trout, pollock, salmon), Samuel G. Camp (trout, bass), Richard L. Pocock (sea trout), S. S. Metzger (trout), and W. T. Morrison (lake trout, mascalonge).

Boating and canoeing will receive the attention of W. P. Stephens, Harold Whiting Slauson, F. M. Foulser, Philip R. Goodwin, Bruce Ridpath, Elisabeth A. Irwin, J. C. Sullivan and others.

Automobiling will be well taken care of by Harry Wilkin Perry, H. A. Grant and Frank Bryant.

Of course there remains a great array of miscellaneous matter on a variety of subjects, all coming properly under the general heading of recreation, but space forbids our attempting to list them. A sample half-dozen are: A. Francis Walker's illuminating and intensely practical article on international lawn tennis, Day Allen Willey's story of how two men successfully navigated the Colorado river through the Grand Cañon last year, an article on the Labrador Eskimos, by Clifford H. Easton, a story of the breaking up of the ice jam on the McKenzie river, by Charles Camsell, a narrative of his experiences when lost in the Temagami forest reserve, by J. N. Trainer, and the story of a horseback trip through the mountains of North Carolina, by Annie Douglas Liell.

A feature of unusual value will be the great variety of short, concise, informative articles, by writers in all parts of the country who have "been there," telling how, when and where to go, what conditions are, what the cost will be, etc., for spending a vacation as they spent theirs last year.

**REMEMBER THAT DOLLAR YOU CAN SAVE. The time is getting short on our offer to accept subscriptions at the old rate of \$2.00 a year.**

**We have a wealth of good things for 1909, as will be imagined from the "taste" given in the above.**

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**Send us \$2.00 NOW for your subscription to RECREATION or \$2.50 if in Canada, and save a dollar.**

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# The Very Newest Idea in PRUDENTIAL Life Insurance

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With this sincere purpose in mind, The Prudential is issuing a Life Insurance Policy which, it is believed, meets more closely the necessities of the family—those who are left behind when the breadwinner dies—than any other form of Life Insurance before the American people today.

It is called the **Monthly Income** Policy, from the fact that the proceeds, instead of being payable in one sum, are paid to the family in a **series of checks** on the first of each month,—and continue for a period of 20 years or for the lifetime of the Beneficiary if it has been so selected.

The great advantages of this plan are apparent. Think of being able to leave your wife a **Monthly Income**,—a guaranteed sum which nothing can disturb—not affected by hard times, bad judgment in investments—which cannot be lost, depreciated or stolen—but which will come to her regularly **every month for twenty years, or her lifetime**,—thus enabling her to adjust the family expenditures, relieving her

from all worry and putting poverty out of reach.

This is just what the new Monthly Income Policy accomplishes—it pays the rent, the household bills, provides food, clothing, education for the children—perpetuates your salary in fact—all by a monthly Income which cannot fail.

**THE COST of this policy is low.** For example, if you should be 30 years old you could, by paying The Prudential \$167.35 per year (which means a saving of only \$13.95 per month, or about \$3.50 per week,) assure to your family after your death—**\$50 Every Month for 20 years**, or \$12,000 in all! At slightly higher cost, you could make this Income payable to your wife or daughter **for her entire lifetime**. This is called the Whole Life Plan.

You can also arrange to confine all your payments to the Company to the first 20 years after taking out the Policy. This is called the 20 Payment Life Plan.

Now suppose you would like to arrange to **protect your own old age**—to assure yourself of an Income which would start 20 years from today, if living, and last for 20 years longer, or—for you as long as you live and your wife as long as she lives if she survives you. This can be done, too, under the Endowment Plan.

Suppose you and your wife were both 40 years of age: \$214.20 per year (a saving of \$4.12 weekly) paid to the Company for 20 years would provide a **guaranteed Income** of \$25 per month, beginning at age 60 and **continuing as long as either you or your wife should live**,—and in any event for not less than 20 years.

Every rate and value in this Policy is absolutely guaranteed—in the Policy itself—while back of it are the great resources of The Prudential.

The success already attending this new Monthly Income Policy proves that it is striking the keynote of popular demand. You cannot afford to ignore a method of providing for your family or for your own old age a protection so sensible, so sure, so convenient, and so inexpensive. We wish to tell you what The Prudential can do for **You** in this matter. Write now while the subject is fresh in your mind. We will furnish you full Information—just adapted to **Your** particular case.

Remember we believe this to be the greatest plan for the protection of your family ever devised—marking an epoch in Life Insurance. **You** should take advantage of it, for your family's sake. **Write Now** to

**The Prudential Insurance Co.  
OF AMERICA**

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

**Home Office: Newark, N. J.**

*John F. Dryden*  
President

*In order that we shall know where you read this we would appreciate it if you would mention this publication in your letter.*